May 1972

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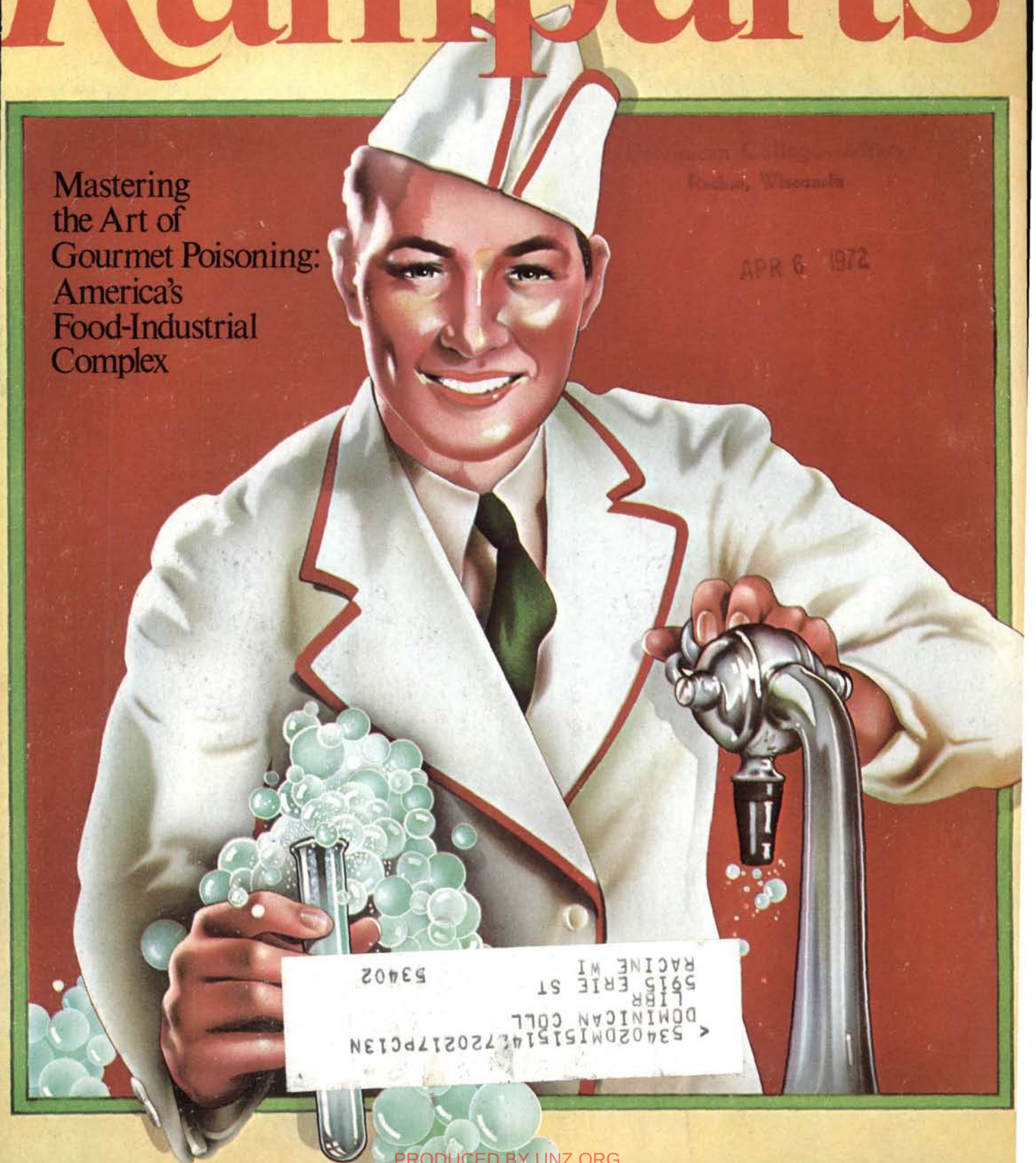

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So I called Rocky Mountain Motorists, and they said there were 90,000,000 autos registered in USA, the average owner buys a car every 3 years, 39% of car owners are Professional People, and 37% own two or more cars -- including me. (Incidentally my name is Philip Isely. I'm a businessman and secretary of the organization named below) Since at least 50% of the 200,000 (or more) subscribers to New York Review of Books and Ramparts Magazine, who will get first chance to read this, are Professional People, it seems safe to figure that 10% will buy a car this year. About 20,000 car buyers. But a mere 1/20th of this number can assure a Provisional World Government by 1975.

Put in other words, 1,000 clear thinking Architects of History, instead of victims, who pledge $1,000 each, can GUARANTEE the establishment of a Provisional World Government by 1975. The beauty of it is that you don't need to buy a new car this year or next, or even be a car owner, to qualify as one of the select and honored group which can assure humankind's best chance for saving the world.

But the same scale of spending by private individuals commonplace in car buying is required for the direct action essential to start world government. Otherwise war protests and world citizenship declarations will get nowhere.

HERE IS PART OF WHAT WE WILL DO WITH THE MILLION DOLLARS:

1. Publicize worldwide the Call for election of delegates to the PEOPLES WORLD PARLIAMENT, to convene as early as June, 1973, but no later than January, 1974. (The Call is ready for printing as the next ad in this series. It should be printed in more than 50 periodicals of many countries in several languages.)

2. Publicize for discussion the draft of the constitution for a democratic world government, now being prepared for printing this summer, which will later be submitted to the Peoples World Parliament when it convenes.

3. Activate a dozen or so commissions to prepare proposed world legislation on outstanding problems now confronting humankind (which require survival solutions during the next 3 to 30 years) to have specific proposals ready for submission to the Peoples World Parliament.

4. Carry on a multi-front campaign on all continents for the election of delegates to the Parliament, and to mobilize support for organizing the Parliament to work full-time for humanity 6 months of each year.

5. Simultaneously push for ratification of the FIRST DECREE FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE, outlawing all weapons of mass destruction, which was issued by the EMERGENCY COUNCIL OF WORLD TRUSTEES on Dec. 29, 1971, and first published during January - March, 1972, in New York Review of Books, Ramparts, Progressive, New Republic and Humanist magazines.

6. Publicize worldwide other actions to be taken soon by the Emergency Council of World Trustees.

7. With a million dollars, we can carry out the promotional campaign necessary for the election and organization of the Peoples World Parliament, to convene not later than January, 1974. The Parliament can then adopt a World Constitution, and by 1975 can establish a Provisional World Government pursuant thereto, meanwhile submitting the world constitution for general ratification. 1,000 humans can guarantee this accomplishment !

Yes I THINK THE CREATION OF A PROVISIONAL WORLD GOVERNMENT BY 1975 IS AT LEAST AS IMPORTANT AS A NEW CAR, AND I HERE PLEDGE $1,000 TO GUARANTEE THAT A PEOPLES WORLD PARLIAMENT IS ORGANIZED IN TIME TO ESTABLISH THE PROVISIONAL WORLD GOVERNMENT BY 1975. (Note: if you don't have $1,000 yourself, then you can collect it from car-owning friends and others afoot, e.g., $100 from ten.)

I will pay the $1,000 as follows: $_____ herewith enclosed, and the balance _____

When the Parliament is convened, I further pledge_____ $50 a year for 5 years to keep it working 6 months each year.

Please send me_____ copies of this ad to distribute, and_____ copies of the FIRST DECREE FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE for ratification, and_____ a copy of the full 10-page plan of action.

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Send to: WORLD CONSTITUTION AND PARLIAMENT ASSOCIATION
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Chile

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East Africa

As Chile offers a new Latin American political model, so Tanzania serves for black African nations, newly free and attempting to radically reform domestic institutions and steer an independent foreign policy. Politics and cultural events will dominate this itinerary, which includes Nairobi in Kenya, for meetings with political representatives, students and workers plus tours; then onto the game preserves at Serengeti and Ngorongoro crater and the Moshe/Arusha areas, finally to dar es Salaam in time for Saba Saba Day, the major national holiday and fair. July 1–22, twenty-one days, about $1400 from New York.

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Russia & London

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Including a close look at Scandinavian social democracy, health and housing, the cooperatives, urban planning; plus extensive sightseeing in the Norwegian fjords, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, Dresden, Leipzig and Berlin. July 3–24, $825 from New York.

Prices include airfare, all tours, most or all meals. For detailed itinerary and further information, write Ramparts, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley 94704.

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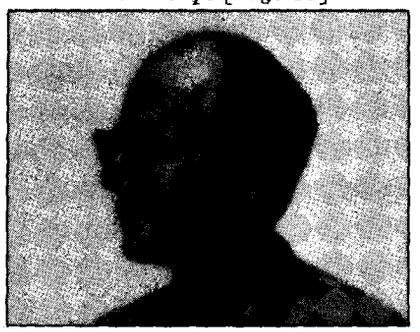

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For some people, the biggest news of the week is on this page.

"COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.
Monument and Spindizzy distributed by Columbia Records.
*Also available on tape

If you love music, and if you didn't know about the new albums by Paul Simon and Kris Kristofferson until just now, this is the big story of the week.

PAUL SIMON KC 30750*
including:
Duncan/Mother And Child Reunion
Peace Like A River/Congratulations
Me And Julio Down By The Schoolyard

The Paul Simon album has already been acclaimed as the most important release so far this year. It's Paul's official solo debut, filled with meaty, new tunes by the composer of all the great Simon & Garfunkel songs; "Bridge Over Troubled Water," "Mrs. Robinson," "Sounds of Silence," and so on.

The Kris Kristofferson album is the third collection of new tunes by one of the most influential songwriters around. The first two albums contained "Me and Bobby McGee," "Help Me Make It Through the Night," "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down," "For the Good Times," "Loving Her Was Easier," all international hits. The new album contains Kris' hit "Josie," and nine other songs people will be discovering in months to come.

New releases by tomorrow's newsmakers.

David Bromberg has played on albums by Bob Dylan, Jerry Jeff Walker and countless other "names." Don Heckman in *The New York Times* said, "He is a major talent with all the qualities of a star." This is his first solo album.

Nils Lofgren, the lead singer and songwriter of Grin, can play nearly any instrument well. In his review of "1+1," Greil Marcus of *Creem* wrote, "Lofgren plays a vicious, brash guitar working around the choruses. There is a searing, wonderful intensity in each of his Rockin' Side songs. I'm raving because of the rock and roll, but I love the other side too."

The impact of The Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin has been compared to the early days of Cream. And Lester Bangs writing in *The Village Voice* said, "John McLaughlin is the most important guitarist making records right now. (His) influence may ultimately surpass that of Hendrix and Clapton." On their first album the orchestra sounds like they do live.

Kenny Loggins is a new singer/songwriter from California who wrote the hit, "House at Pooh Corner." Jim Messina played with and produced Buffalo Springfield and Poco. This album brings these two giants together . . . "their two voices blend with such ease that you'd think they'd been harmonizing together all their lives. Together they've made a polished, melodic album packed with good material and inventive musical touches," Bud Scoppa, *Rolling Stone*.

Important releases on Columbia, Monument and Spindizzy Records

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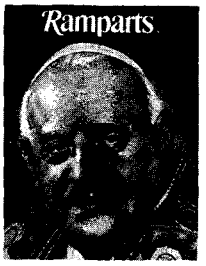
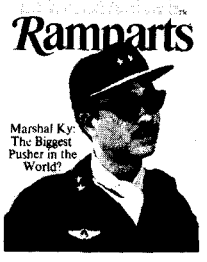
You Can't Trust Anyone Over 10 Except Ramparts





We grew up when America's innocence was ending. The 60s were hard times, and we fou ourselves involved in a series of stories that shocked us about as much as they did the rest the country.

- In 1964, when the FBI and other investigating agencies were unable to bring the kille to justice our reporters recreated the brutal murders of three civil rights workers in a lone Mississippi field.
- In 1965, as waves of American troops and napalm were washing over the Vietnam countr side, we editorialized in behalf of an NLF victory, documented the horrible mutilations su fered by the children of Vietnam, and tried to give aid and comfort to the militant anti-w movement here at home.
- In 1966, as the Great Debate was beginning over whether or not the U.S. should be Vietnam, Ramparts showed that it was already a fait accompli: the CIA, the semi-official Vie nam Lobby, and universities like Michigan State having conspired to get us involved the long since.
- In 1967, Ramparts printed an expose on the CIA which if it didn't shake the Johnso administration at least caused it to tremble perceptibly. We showed how the Agency had su verted the National Student Association and kindred institutions and reached into almost eve other aspect of American life as well.
- And in 1968, we described the way that US agents had directed the manhunt leading the capture and execution of Che Guevara, and one of our editors brought home from Cul the authoritative version of the Guevara Diaries.

We have, in other words, marked our coming of age by crisis in American history. We a 10 years old now, and still raising hell with those out to destroy America. This year, for instanc while the President and Congress were filling the air with confusing and misinformed talk abo heroin, we showed how the epidemic now afflicting this country was due directly to the opiu trade cultivated in Southeast Asia by the CIA, South Vietnam vice-president Ky, and oth symbols of the US presence there.

Like any 10 year old, we are proud of ourselves. If a magazine's job is to change thing however, we've probably failed, for there's no denying that the 70s are proving as tragic a the 60s. But if journalism is supposed to shake up the powers that be, then Ramparts has don its part. "A gadfly to the establishment"—this is what the New York Times called us. Th trouble is that a gadfly doesn't sting hard enough. We prefer to think of the magazine as pa of the movement for social change that will some day turn things around in this country.

But whatever we are at the ripe old age of 10, growing up to be an important journalisti voice, having an impact on the times, hasn't been easy. The national advertisers who subsidiz most magazines have found our stories too controversial.

But our independence is crucial: on top of the rest of this society's problem is the question of whether there will be a "free press" and diversity of opinion by the end of the 70s.

In a time when magazines like Look have been dying or being gobbled up by conglomerates (Psychology Today by Boise Cascade, for example) and when Nixon, Agnew and Their Gang have been seizing on excuses to assault this diminished press, Ramparts has kept the faith. If we have our way, we'll keep it for another 10 years as well.

This is more than an advertisement for ourselves, however, We want you to invest in our family-owned business. We can't tell you for sure what you'll be buying: that depends in large part on what becomes of this country in the next decade. But we can promise to take you to the middle of things and keep you there.

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Et tu China?

THE TWENTY-YEAR IMAGE of China, as the Asian menace and America's implacable enemy, dissolved under the smiles and toasts of Nixon's Peking pilgrimage. It was an abrupt transfiguration. For most Americans it relieved the mythic terror of the fanatical Chinese aggressors. For much of the American Left it compromised the mythic inspiration of China's revolutionary purity. In either case a fixed political point, an element of certitude, was lost.

In its isolation China had long presented itself to Americans as inaccessible to ordinary experience, otherworldly, self-contained, absolute. With all our impressions distorted by their rhetoric and ours, we came to experience China as an abstraction, a pure form, whether of heroism or villany.

Thus, recalling the first televised pictures of the February visit, it was uncanny to see the gross familiarity of Richard Nixon superimposed on the idealized reality of China. The shock of recognition was perhaps hardest to bear when Nixon, face beaded with feverish ambition, rose to speak and soiled, with his resonant banality, phrases coined in sacrifice by the revolutionary veterans he addressed. To our radical sensibilities it was an obscene, insupportable insult. But a second impression followed that was disturbing in a different way. In our minds, Nixon was an insufferable intruder. But the smiles, cordiality and aquiescence of his hosts registered the fact that he was no gate-crasher there, that these same revolutionary veterans had invited and welcomed him, and were ready to do business with him; that after all they shared his world—and ours.

Bringing our conception of the Chinese revolution down to earth has a tremendous significance, not merely for those who call themselves Maoists, but also for those who would never even consider such a designation. For the China that we supported or opposed was an illusion, and we allowed that illusion to define for us a model of true revolution, barely realizing how deeply we internalized that definition or how much it dominated and distorted all our perceptions of revolutionary politics. Certainly China has much to answer for today: embracing Nixon while the bombs still fall on Vietnam, after years of the most unrestrained and divisive attacks on the Soviet Union for its own policy of détente; supporting West Pakistan's ruthless suppression of Bangla Desh, and counter-insurgency in the Sudan and Ceylon. But if the American Left is to advance beyond a vacuous moral revulsion at Chinese policy or a contorted apologia in its defense, we also have to take ourselves to task for our own credulity. And we need to look behind the shifting revolutionary rhetoric to the actual revolution, the reality of China, the immense achievements and perilous weakness of this vast, revolutionary state, moved by national imperatives, capable of chauvinism, and the usual hypocrisy and deception of great power politics in an international situation over which it has little significant control. The article by Jim Peck on page 34 makes a major advance in the understanding of the development of China's policy by setting the contests of political principle in the historical conditions that defined and resolved them. In retrospect it seems remarkable that we ever could have taken the Chinese rhetoric of ideological struggle at face value, as if the policies governing 800 million people could be arrived at by some dialectical algebra from the eternal axioms of Marxist thought, as if political forces really were defeated by abstract refutations, or devastating quotes from Chairman Mao.

Today the Chinese emphasize the utility of tactical compromise, pointing to the fluid interplay of forces in the WWII period. In recent years, however, they evoked the Maoism of the Long March. Of course, we have had only the vaguest notion of the actual workings of Chinese society and foreign policy. And few indulged in scholarly readings of Mao's thought. But we drew upon the slogans emanating from China and from local Maoists, and on the slanderous animosity of our own government, and, largely independent of the objective reality of their politics, we internalized a most compelling conception of the significance of China and Maoism.

Maoism established itself as the politics of direct assault, armed struggle, power from the barrel of a gun. Whether daring or reckless, it signified militancy.

Maoism represented militant internationalism, support for wars of national liberation, whether realistic or quixotic; it signified solidarity.

In general Maoism came to be understood as revolutionary "extremism," as an extreme expression of uncompromising revolutionary principle; whether resolute or intransigent, it signified determination.

Maoism's persuasive definition of itself, shaped in advance the judgments that could be made about it. Obviously a politics that succeeded in laying claim to the ideals of militancy, solidarity and determination could only with great reluctance be opposed. Even the epithets it evokes: reckless, quixotic, intransigent, all imply a grudging respect, almost as if they were just too good for this world. Set off against the Chinese model, meanwhile, were the Russians. Even for those who felt more comfortable with their policies, the Russians by contrast were quite easy to despise. Timid, self-interested, pragmatic, they were the Babbits of socialism.

This dichotomy worked its way into our own politics, as did the Maoist model of the revolutionary, not necessarily pro-Chinese *per se*, but supermilitant, utterly dedicated, fluent in the cryptic and exotic catchwords of Marxism. Some people tried to live out this ideal. At best, like the Progressive Labor Party, they were drawn into the involuted ritualism of the sectarian Left. At worst they were moved, like the Weather-people, to tragic adventures in political violence.

At the same time that we adopted the Chinese model of revolutionary purity as a political touchstone, in a different way we drew upon it as a source of energy and hope. China served as proof that the revolutionary process can make a difference, that it can realize a vision of fundamental social change. Whatever one thought of the principles of the Chinese revolution, they seemed to stick to them with a religious zeal. Their unbending hostility to the West and to backsliders in their own camp showed how unshakable they were.

These irreconcilable oppositions created a sense of radical diversity in the world, a political environment in which

by David Kolodney

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Street people, political heavies, and the little old lady down the street all got together to buy their fruits and vegetables straight from the farmer. An old-fashioned, all-American idea—cut out the middle-man and get good things for less money. But times are changing. They called themselves the Food Conspiracy.

People liked the idea. Unwieldy systems are everywhere; subverting them seemed necessary to accomplish the smallest thing. Now there are cheese conspiracies, rent conspiracies, even political conspiracies.

So why not a book conspiracy?

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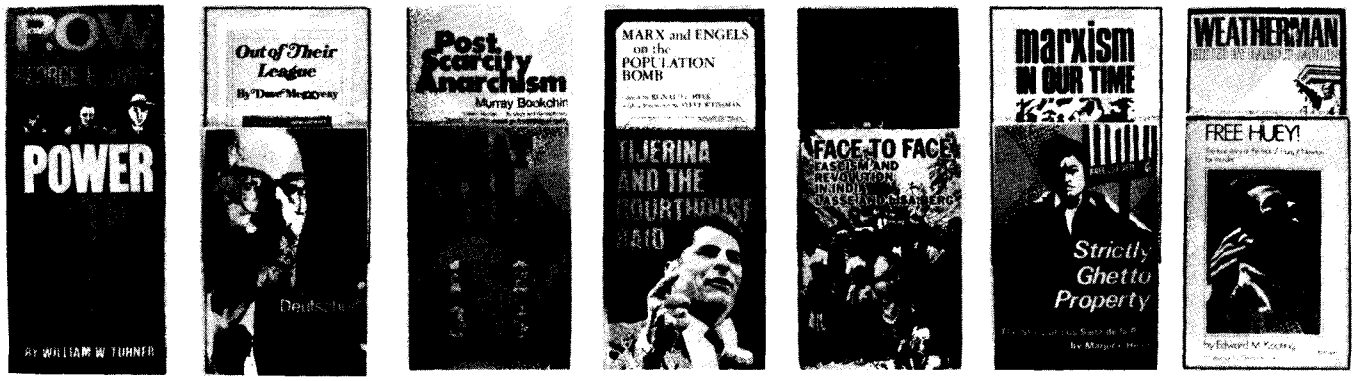

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the possibility of revolutionary alternatives came to life. China's intransigence gave us hope.

Now events in China have compromised the spring of revolutionary purity for much of the American Left, and we are faced with a serious dilemma. The immediate impulse is to move in one of two directions, both of which merely compound the error of our original illusion. One is to feel "sold out" and surrender to puerile indignation and despair. The other is to try to cover up, to paper over the cracks in the ideological façade, and replace a naive illusion with a more sophisticated one.

As to the first, indignation at China's abrupt and irresponsible rapprochement with the United States is very much in order. But to see it as a fall from grace merely adds another chapter to the China myth. We have learned little from these developments if we simply see them as a "sell-out" in the sense of a descent from principle to pragmatism in China's foreign policy. The posture of irreconcilability towards a policy of coexistence with the U.S., which has now been abandoned, was never based on an abhorrence of contact with imperialist corruption. Its roots lay in the fact that no equitable accommodation had been offered to China when the U.S. and Russia established their détente. China was not invited in, and its rhetoric of intransigence had a strong self-defensive flavor.

Even the emphasis on calls for wars of national liberation was somewhat *faut de mieux*, coming at a time when the fall of Sukarno-type regimes had reduced the prospects of useful relations with incumbent regimes almost to zero. And to the extent that the exhortations to armed struggle were qualified by the doctrine of self-reliance, they had the character of incantation as a substitute for weapons, just as diplomacy substitutes for weapons now.

The attitude of naive disillusionment with recent changes in Chinese policy does not face up to its basic continuity or to the role in it that calculation and self interest have always played. The second dead-end route out of the China dilemma takes these elements as its starting point: Their policies are subject to enormous pressures and constraints, the burden of underdevelopment and encirclement by potential enemies. China's leaders are not saints, nor should they be. The survival of the Chinese revolution is of critical importance and, when its leaders are driven to compromises of principle in order to secure its preservation, we should appreciate that overriding necessity and support the position they have been forced to take.

THERE ARE IMPORTANT insights in this sort of viewpoint, but there are pitfalls as well. For one thing we are dealing with leaders of a nation as well as a revolution. They are likely to be influenced by motives of traditional Chinese nationalism, quite independent of the interests of the Chinese revolution as such. The high priority given to the issue of Taiwan surely is in part based on nationalist sentiment, and not solely on defense of the revolution. Taiwan shows how real the danger is of revolutionary principles being subordinated to nationalist prerogatives. One of China's prime motives for inviting Nixon was the potential for a breakthrough on Taiwan. How urgent and essential this prospect was to the defense of the Chinese revolution may be considered problematic, but there is a strong case that it is pursued at the expense of Vietnam. To see this it is not necessary to speculate about under-the-table agreements reached in Peking, or to guess at changes in the flow of aid. At a time when the American people were anxious and impatient with the international atmosphere of continued war, when influential voices were arguing against the war, precisely as an obstacle to rapprochement with China, the Nixon invitation took the pressure off. It undermined opposition by creating an atmosphere of hope, international understanding, relaxation of tensions. From Nixon's point of view it was as good as peace, or better. China certainly had the option to put pressure on Nixon by making U.S. concessions on Vietnam a condition of the visit. Had they responded to the week of full-scale air strikes launched last Christmas by publicly threatening to cancel the invitation unless all bombing of the North was stopped, there would have been political pandemonium in the U.S. The hopes Nixon raised would have been turned against him.

Issues like Taiwan, in which the nationalist element can be somewhat clearly distinguished from the revolutionary interest are rare. Normally such a distinction is extremely difficult. The primary task of a successful revolution is consolidation and defense against enemies more powerful than itself. The case can be made that the best security lies in encouraging fraternal revolution in other nations, so that enemies and neutrals become allies. But historically people arguing for that position haven't had much luck. There is the fear that new attempts at revolution will move the enemies to action. Developing allies through revolution is a long-term process, but the requirements of security and the exigencies of economic underdevelopment won't wait. So the new state tends to seek alliances and détentes with the governments of the *status quo* order. When revolutionary movements threaten to disturb these relations, they come into conflict with the revolutionary state which, as an inducement to their government for friendly relations, may oppose the insurgents or influence them to hold their struggle back. In any case the friendliness of the revolutionary state to a government discourages the potential for revolution against it.

There is a notion that the successful revolution, having proved itself in victory, should set itself up as a model and other less advanced movements should follow its leadership. But in fact the successful revolution, with great internal problems still to overcome, is in a very poor position to carry out that task. Its weakness and vulnerability and its need for economic and technical aid makes it a poor candidate for the job of upholding the international revolutionary standard.

When a revolutionary state compromises principle, one may argue whether the compromise was really necessary. But even so, that is a reason to understand and sympathize with its duress, not for us to compromise the same principle ourselves. If the state finds it necessary to lie, it is not necessary for us to believe the lie, or to repeat it. Even if one argues it was necessary for China's security to support the massacre of Bangla Desh, or the suppression of insurgents in the Sudan and Ceylon, that in the historical

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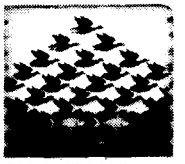

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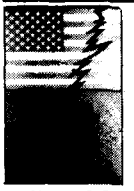

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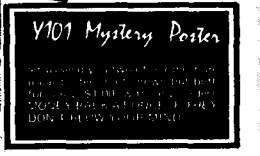

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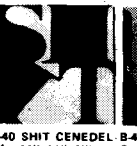

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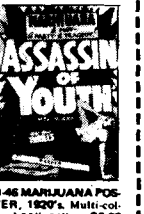

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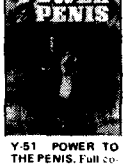

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balance the good outweighed the bad, are we to follow in China's lead, or praise the endorsement of reaction as revolutionary internationalism?

The impulse to cover up for the compromises of the Chinese revolution is compelling for many reasons. They command our profound respect for their achievements and our sympathy for the obstacles they face. But their departures from principle bear a heavy political cost, and the damage is compounded when people around the world who are engaged in struggles in which the clarity of the revolutionary vision is their most precious resource, are called upon to follow after the lines of national policy as they zig-zag with the shifting exigencies of power.

It is a bit ironical that radicals of the New Left should find themselves drawn to the role of apologist. We can recall the easy contempt with which we viewed the desperate attempts of the old line Communists to keep pace with the wild veerings of the Russian party line. It now seems they weren't such complete morons after all. We never realized how plausible a rationale they followed: "Defense of the socialist fatherland." Russia after all stood three decades absolutely alone, subject to embargo, encirclement and intervention, the only existing base for revolutionary possibilities in the world. No one wanted to play into the hands of its enemies. But the results of the grinding hypocrisy, the whole subjection of the revolutionary interests of the entire world to those of a single nation, were a tragic disaster. And in the long run the "yes man" is not even the most devoted servant. The international Left had a responsibility to voice the criticisms which could have strengthened the arguments for socialist principles internally and at least called a halt to the worst excesses.

The cosmetic impulse toward the image of an established revolution is not the product of a merely altruistic concern. The need for a model of revolutionary purity goes deep, even for those who are aware that the reality doesn't measure up. An apologist is engaged in the continuous reconstruction of that lost illusion, until the necessary compromise of principle takes on the moral purity of principle itself. In literature, it is called the willing suspension of disbelief. But in politics it is double-think.

Adopting as one's own the policies of the Chinese revolution has a particular appeal with which no attitude of sympathetic understanding can compete. When one can internalize motivations of Chinese policy to the point of saying *"We* found this necessary," one can become a vicarious Chinese revolutionary. An act of will, an existential leap, transforms the most minute and ineffectual sect into an outpost of the revolutionary masses of the world. Internationalist consciousness elevates them from an insignificant minority of America to a vast majority of the world.

But it was Richard Nixon who was shaking hands last winter with Mao Tse-tung.

THE PROBLEM NOW IS NOT to turn from China and scan the continents for another revolutionary model, a purer one whose policies are deduced with greater rigor from more elevated principles. Nor should we turn our backs altogether on internationalism and isolate ourselves from the developing forces of revolution in the world. We can value and learn from China's revolutionary experience without setting it up as a model and defining our politics by its acceptance or rejection.

The real importance of the Chinese revolution to the American Left was not so much in those who consciously endorsed it, much less those who fancied to enlist, but in the widely held conviction that, whether you agreed with it or not, this revolution was really revolutionary. Now it is felt that it wasn't really that different after all. The revolutionary process was an arduous struggle towards a vision of society that was indefinably remote. We could take it seriously because the Chinese revolution showed it could be done; it gave us hope. We thought we could look back and see the revolution achieved. Now we have been abandoned by history.

The sense of disappointment is fundamentally misplaced. It was unfair in the first place to measure the achievements of Chinese society against a vision of the full scale of revolutionary possibilities. And it is unfair to measure the revolutionary vision by the limits which that society has reached.

It is absurd to think that the liberating promise of socialism could be fulfilled on the basis of the hopeless misery, famine, disease, social disintegration which prevailed when revolution came to China. Should we be surprised that, in 20 years of economic embargo, diplomatic isolation, military aggression, they have not transcended the constraints of material necessity? Can we really measure the socialist ideal of internationalism against a society in which the welding of a national consciousness out of the social fragments of colonialism, warlord fiefdoms, decades of foreign and civil war, was a gigantic stride? And should we be surprised that an acutely vulnerable nation retaining the most minimal control over its external environment should be tempted to break out of a closing circle of threatened aggression?

It is, after all, our failure to make our own revolution which has imposed the encumbering burdens of imperialism on theirs. China is not the test of the socialism that will come only when a revolution can be built up on a highly advanced economic and technological base and liberate society from the coercive distribution of scarcity. There has been no such test. That is why our efforts to borrow our revolutionary vision from China or any other existing society is bound to fail. We are forced to create a vision of our own. In that sense our revolution will be the first.

But if the Chinese revolution cannot serve as a model to guide our way, we can still look to it as an extraordinarily vital source of political inspiration. The transformation of Chinese society in the last 20 years remains an unparalleled vindication of the revolutionary process, of the power of a liberating idea, of unity and action, of the creative energy released as people discover in themselves the determination and the capacity to make their own history. To look at the Chinese revolution, so rich in adversity and meager in sustenance, to consider its achievements and then to realize that in our society we have the mastery of material abundance within our grasp, reveals to us the dimensions of the revolutionary opportunity that lies ahead. ■

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Indochina: The Next Phase

"Many seem discouraged at the failure of their efforts to end the war. Perhaps they do not appreciate the immense significance of their achievement in imposing at least some constraints on the violence of the state. We can be quite sure that as the dilemma of the U.S. government assumes new forms in the coming phase of the war, the domestic response will remain a factor of critical importance in determining the fate of the people of Indochina."

THE MOST STRIKING FEATURE of the American war in Indochina is undoubtedly its savagery, but no less remarkable is the continuity of policy and the persistence of basic assumptions over a quarter century. We now have, thanks to the Pentagon Papers, a revealing record of how Washington perceived the war—not to be confused with a record of the facts. A State Department Policy Statement of September 1948 found "our greatest difficulty in talking with the French" to be "our inability to suggest any practicable solution of the Indochina problem." The problem was clear. The long-term objective of the U.S. was twofold: in the first place, to eliminate Communist influence in Indochina and prevent Chinese influence, "so that the peoples of Indochina will not be hampered in their natural developments by the pressure of an alien people and alien interests"; and in the second place, "to see installed a self-governing nationalist state which will be friendly to the U.S. and which . . . will be patterned upon our conception of a democratic state" and oriented towards the West, contributing to "a better balanced world economy." (French and American influence and interests are, naturally, not "alien" to the people of Indochina.)

But the Communists under Ho Chi Minh, who "is the strongest and perhaps the ablest figure in Indochina," have "captur[ed] control of the nationalist movement." Hence, a dilemma.

Twenty years later, the Pentagon historian concluded his analysis of the "advisory build-up" through 1967 by wondering whether the U.S. can "overcome the apparent fact that the Viet Cong have 'captured' the Vietnamese nationalist movement while the GVN has become the refuge of Vietnamese who were allied with the French in the battle against the independence of their nation." But we go on, to save Vietnam from Communism and from the Viet Cong, who, he adds perceptively, seem to be the agents of China.[1]

This comparison brings out the fundamental elements in the war: the U.S. has never wavered from its commitment to a non-Communist regime, and the nationalist movement, Communist-led, has unbelievable resilience and obstinacy. Noting further that there are few constraints on the use of violence by the foreign invader, we can deduce, with little difficulty, the strategy of annihilation employed by the U.S. Command. The means were available to demolish the society in which the nationalist movement is rooted, and these means were employed, out of "military necessity." The savagery of the war does not reflect some peculiar streak of barbarism in the U.S. Command. Rather, there was no other way to solve the problem presented to it by the civilian leadership, the problem of destroying the nationalist movement that the Communists had "captured"—illegitimately, Washington being the judge of what is legitimate in Vietnam.

I will make no attempt to predict the final outcome of this struggle. There are a number of critical factors that I do not know how to assess. How long can the Vienamese resistance continue to withstand the terroristic assault of the world's most advanced technology? What is the strength of the resistance in the urban concentrations created by a policy that was succinctly described by an American general: "No villages, no guerrillas, simple"? Will the people of the United States be willing to stand by, in relative passivity, while the government continues its grim work? A Harris poll of October 1971 showed that 57 percent of the population was opposed to air and helicopter support for the Saigon army, and that 65 percent regard the American involvement as immoral (up from 47 percent in January). Will these feelings be translated into action, or will they simply be expressed to pollsters, and thus remain virtually irrelevant to policy-formation? These factors are decisive, and unpredictable, though we must bear in mind that one of them—the stand of the American people—is subject to our influence.

I want to consider here a different question, namely, what the Nixon Administration plans. Since the public clearly wants peace, the rhetoric of the Administration naturally will promise peace and American withdrawal. Some choose to believe it, while to other close observers "it now appears that President Nixon wants to end the war by winning it."[2]

The Nixon "peace plan" of January 1972 signals clearly the intention to pursue the war to victory, if this proves possible.[3] To impose a non-Communist regime in South Vietnam, it is necessary to separate the areas of population concentration from the main force guerrilla units and the NVA forces, while preventing any

by Noam Chomsky

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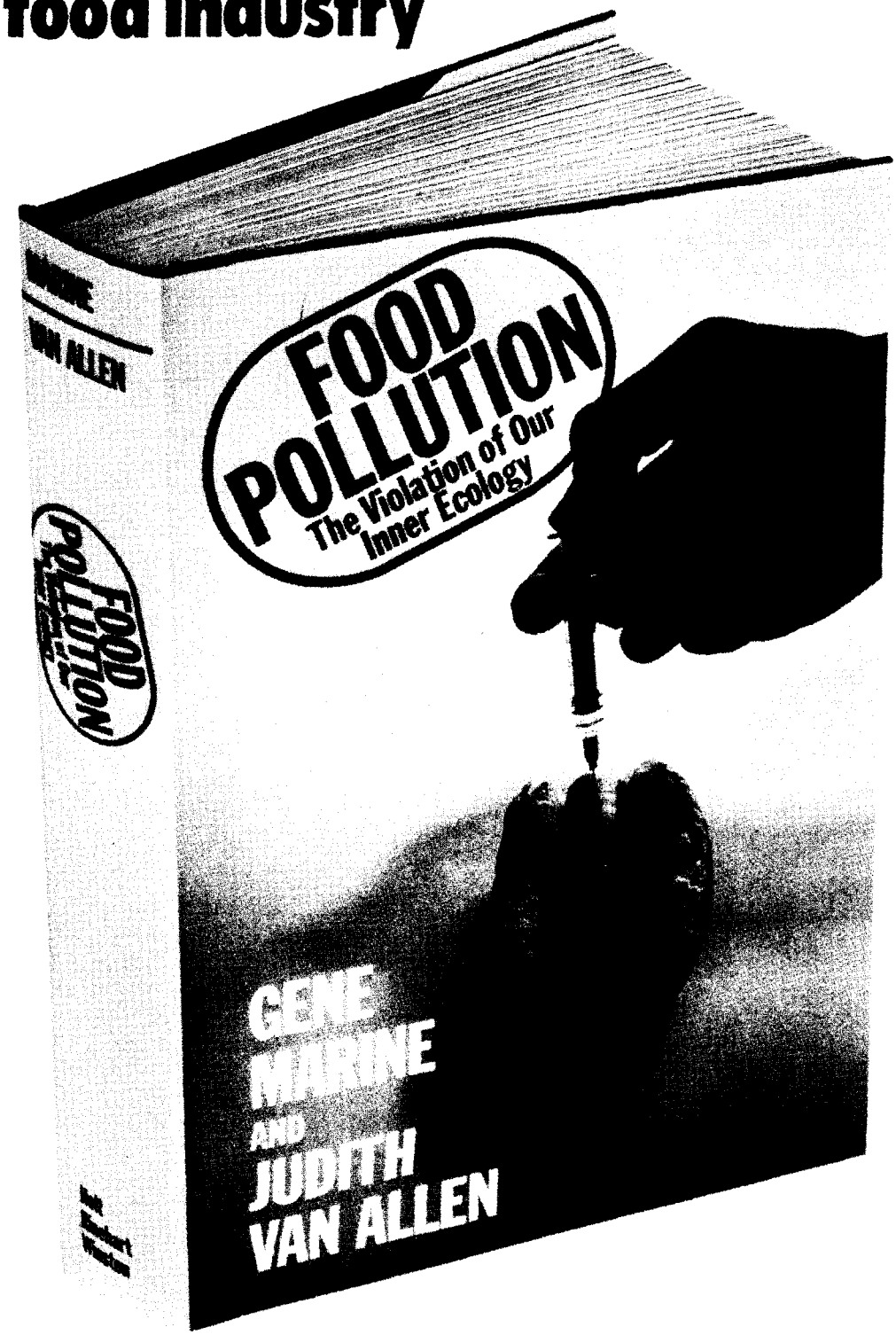

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organized social life in the areas ceded to the resistance. The technology of terror is assigned these tasks. At the same time, it is necessary to control the concentrated population and to "root out the infrastructure" of the enemy by the Phoenix program and other measures of repression. If the political structure of the opposition can be destroyed and the rule of the military and police forces successfully imposed, then the population can be granted a "free choice" under the Constitution (which outlaws Communism). As the "nation builders" have always insisted, a "free choice" between the government and the Viet Cong will only be possible when the latter have been destroyed.[4]

A look at the Phoenix program gives some indication of what is required to prepare the ground for democracy in South Vietnam. More than 70,000 people have been "neutralized" since 1968. The number killed is unknown, but a rare statistic for April 1971 reveals that, in that month, of the 2000 "neutralized," more than 40 percent were assassinated.[5] A U.S. intelligence officer attached to the Phoenix program in the Mekong Delta states that when he arrived in his district, he was given a list of 200 names of people who had to be killed, and when he left six months later, 260 had been killed, but none of those on his list.[6] From such reports, we can learn something of the scale and character of this program, which has become a major component of U.S. strategy since March 1968 when the Pentagon recommended that "Operation Phoenix which is targetted against the Viet Cong must be pursued more vigorously in closer liaison with the U.S."[7] In March 1971 a greatly expanded "pacification program" went into operation with its "top priority" being neutralization of the political apparatus of the Viet Cong, at a reported cost of considerably more than $1 billion to the U.S. and an undisclosed amount to the Saigon regime (hence indirectly, the U.S.).[8] Perhaps the figures cited above for April 1971 are the first product of this accelerated program of government terror.

It is not irrational for the planners in Washington to regard their objectives as perhaps attainable, despite years of failure. The costs of the war, of course, are borne by the Vietnamese: their land and bodies and villages are destroyed, while the U.S. merely suffers polarization or inflation or a balance of payments problem. It is, furthermore, unclear whether a revolutionary movement that achieved its success because its programs were meaningful for the overwhelmingly rural society of Vietnam can also organize successfully among the slum-dwellers of Saigon, for whom no domestically based program may be meaningful. No Vietnamese can be unaware of the awesome destructive power of American terror. Peasants in Phuyen Province who fought with the Viet Minh against the French, winning "independence of half of our country," in their accurate phrase, report that a new generation of guerrillas is having a much worse war" because of the "American firepower, tremendous firepower—such as we never dreamed of in those days." One peasant, who had abandoned the life of resistance, said: "There is one thing I have—my patriotism—and all those Government officials can never be as proud of this as I am."[9] But the U.S. will cheerfully concede patriotic sentiments to the remnants of the original nationalist movement, as long as it can demolish this movement while imposing the rule of the local associates of Western imperialism. If the result can be achieved by a "democratic election," once the conditions for a "free choice" are established, so much the better.

In some more general terms, it would be accurate to describe the Vietnam war as a struggle between human will and advanced technology. Human will, however, has its limits, although they are far beyond what one could have imagined, as the Vietnamese revolutionaries have shown. The technology of destruction and repression can continue slowly to progress without practical limit. Anti-personnel weapons can be improved, from pellets, to metal flechettes that cannot be extracted without grave injury, to plastic fragments that cannot even be detected by X-ray, and who knows what tomorrow. The accuracy of bombing can be continually improved, so that 30,000 tons of bombs next month is the equivalent of considerably more than that today. It is not irrational to suppose that if the war goes on indefinitely, technology will ultimately prove victorious.

An additional factor that U.S. planners no doubt find encouraging is that the annihilation strategy in South Vietnam, directed against what they always knew to be an indigenous resistance movement based on the peasantry, had the consequence of drawing North Vietnamese forces into the war. General Westmoreland, in a briefing for McNamara in Saigon (July 1967), explained that the enemy had "been denied recruits in the numbers required from the populated areas along the coast, thereby forcing him to supply manpower from North Vietnam."[10] By destroying much of the rural society and concentrating the population into urban slums and in the Saigon army, U.S. strategy had the consequence (and, assuming minimal intelligence, the intended consequence) of creating the basis for a North-South conflict of the sort that American propaganda, with the cooperation of the mass media, had always claimed to exist. The U.S. did not originate the strategy of exacerbating ethnic, religious and regional rivalries, but merely adopted it, as a matter of course, from its imperial predecessors. The analogy to Korea is suggestive, though not exact. It took several years for American forces to eradicate the indigenous social and political structures that were functioning when they landed in September 1945, and it was not until the Korean war (initiated and fought under circumstances much more ambiguous than the official ideology proclaims) that the internal civil struggle in the South was converted into a regional conflict more tolerable to the imperial power.

Assuming that the objectives outlined above can be achieved, and that the revolutionary forces in Vietnam can be prevented from operating effectively amidst the ruins of Vietnamese society, the "nation builders" face the next task: to create some sort of viable social structure out of the wreckage. How do they hope to accomplish this task? From the public record and some secret reports that

(Continued on Page 61)

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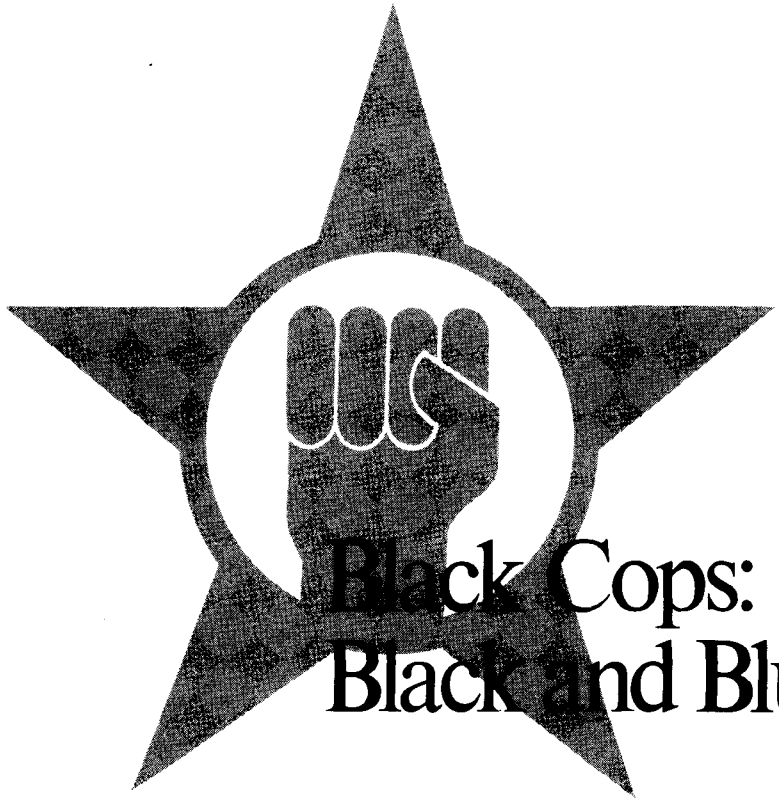

Black Cops: Black and Blue Ain't White

by Carol Morton

THE BLACK COP: AN OREO COOKIE, a law enforcement officer, an informer, Tom, protector of the black community, Supernigger—it is hard to say which role really fits. It's hard because not many years ago most black men wearing blue thought white, believing that American justice was indeed as color blind as it claimed and that it was their job to uphold it no matter what, who, where, when or how. It's hard because regardless of the gains black folks have made in recent years, the sad truth is white people still control black lives. And, since the police department is to the city what the army is to the nation, the black cop is in a precarious position: enforcing rules which may or may not be in his peoples' better interest, but which, nonetheless, *will* be enforced by someone—so better that it should be a black man. Or is it?

Over the past few years, a new breed of black cops has been emerging. They don't fit into the convenient categories of "militant" or "leftist." They simply have become acutely aware of their blackness to the point of pride and affirmative action.

The black cop is often caught in the middle between white ruling class law enforcement agencies on one side, and the black community on the other. He has come to be seen as a man in a dilemma, but more and more black police have stopped straddling the fence and are firmly aligning themselves with the interests of the black community.

Black communities want and need police protection. Most residents want to rid their neighborhoods of the junkies, pushers, prostitutes and pimps which infest them, breeding all sorts of crime. One of the main desires of most black inner-city folk is to live in a neighborhood free from the constant fear of death at the hand of some criminal, or of losing what years of scrimping and saving has accumulated. The new black cops identify with the black community and, unlike some of their predecessors (both black and white), they are not turning their heads away from the crime rampant there, but are working hard to provide the needed protection from it.

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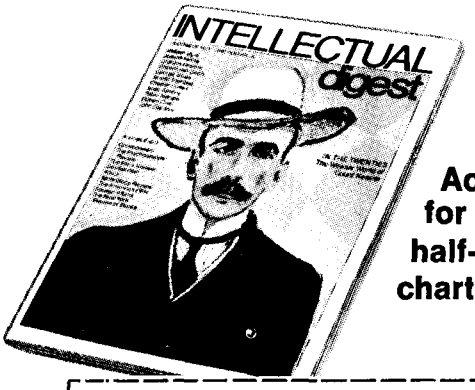

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Photos from left: Patrolman Johnson (left), Leonard 12X, Patrolman Owens, Patrolman Johnson, Sgt. A. Rivera

committed in black neighborhoods usually runs far ahead of the figures for white neighborhoods. In New York City, for example, the number of murders committed in the first ten months of 1971 in Harlem's 25th, 28th and 32nd precincts were 45, 78 and 65 respectively, while in the 4th precinct in Lower Manhattan, distinguished by its high-priced luxury apartments, the number of murders in the same period was two. In this same downtown precinct the total crimes reported were less than 1400, compared to more than 8000 in Harlem's 32nd.

Many criminal experts feel that because white policemen have traditionally had a nonchalant attitude toward black communities they have allowed crime to prevail there. It is a fact that the majority of crimes committed by blacks are against blacks. Black psychiatrists William Grier and Price Cobbs say that this is because black Americans know that chances of follow up of crimes in the black community by police is low and that, if caught, repercussions will not be as severe as if the crime were committed against whites. This points again to the double standards of law enforcement.

Investigations have shown that in black communities police generally spend a great deal of time harassing and physically abusing residents and, as has recently come to view in several cities, taking bribes from local criminals, and less time apprehending criminals. White cops, like white society on the whole, have a disregard for black lives and demonstrate it in the way they work. When the white cop is working in the white community, his alliances, thoughts

Photographs by Charles Blackwell

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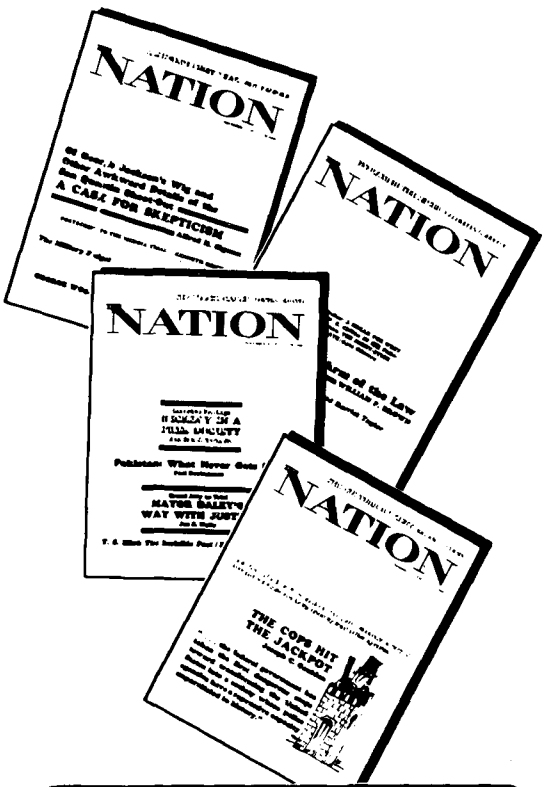

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and deeds are firmly in tune with the mass majority of people in that community. This is not to say that white police never exert excessive force against other whites. But, when it is done, it is a *measured* amount of brutality, for there is always the risk that the head he is about to crack is that of a Senator's son, a Mafioso's daughter or the relative of someone else with the power to retaliate. Subconsciously the white policeman must realize that blacks have no power in this country and therefore can do little, if anything, to react effectively. Several students died at the hands of police at black colleges in Orangeburg, South Carolina and elsewhere in the South during the early and mid-1960s. But the national outcry against killing unarmed youth didn't come until Kent State where the victims were white.

In most cases the way a policeman carries out his job is up to him. A superior officer is rarely, if ever, heard to tell a cop to use his billyclub on someone's head, or to just off him entirely by shooting him. Much of what a policeman does or fails to do in any community is at his own discretion. Often, of course, the decision becomes a matter of black or white.

Statistics show that the proportion of blacks among America's police has not increased appreciably during the last 20 or 30 years. In Washington, D.C. for example, the police force is 37 percent black (the largest percentage in the country) but blacks are 72 percent of the population. Only 10 percent of the police department in Atlanta, Georgia is black, compared to 52 percent of the population.

The discrepancies between population and police force representation are clear evidence of what we all already know—an historic exclusion of blacks, unequal hiring procedures, half-hearted recruitment attempts in minority neighborhoods and the traditional disenchantment of the black community with city police departments. In other words, racism and its consequences.

After the Kerner Commission and several other national and local reports showed that many of the urban rebellions of the '60s were sparked by police violence, attempts were made to recruit more blacks, on the theory that they would be more sensitive. But experts have come to realize that, before the police can successfully recruit more blacks, the police themselves, including black police, must build a more favorable image in the black community.

The Pittsburgh chapter of the black police group called The Guardians refused to participate in a campaign to recruit black policemen because, they said, they would not become Judas goats, leading young blacks "to something that is totally against the very principles of decency and humanity for which we stand."

Leonard 12X (Weir), a black Muslim and black cop in New York, points out: "For too long black policemen have patrolled the black community with the same attitudes white policemen have when they're in our neighborhoods. We adopt his attitudes toward our own instead of his attitudes toward his own. Take an example: you never hear white people complaining of police brutality by black officers. You see, we're constantly emulating him."

What black cops need to do, says Weir, who is president of the Society of Afro-American Policemen, is to adopt an attitude towards the black community similar to the attitude the white cop has towards his white community. "We need to start being a brother to our brother." In other words, says Weir, blacks need to take care of their own more and worry about others less.

As far as Weir is concerned, black cops need to see the difference between themselves and the white man. "As long as I am aware that I am not white, that New York City does not belong to me, and that America is not my country, I should be able to get along."

Across the country the relationship between black policemen and their own communities is slowly reaching a more trusting plateau, but there are those who feel that all cops are pigs and all black cops are house niggers. A basis for this attitude is provided by the use of black police spies or infiltrators in black organizations. Long a sore spot in black community/police relationships, this has become a challenge to the black cops to prove their community allegiance.

For many black people, undercover agents are accepted as necessary in narcotics and other related areas, but the line is drawn at political surveillance and instigation, especially since the case of former Black Panther Louis Tackwood, who disclosed that he had been an undercover agent from the time of his entrance into the party. Tackwood voluntarily revealed his part in a police unit which plotted assassinations, acts of terror and provoked incidents, which some say are designed to justify a new wave of heavy police repression.

Tackwood said that the Los Angeles Police Department uses a complex intelligence network to provoke, harass and entrap militants. He said that he sat in on meetings held by federal and local government agents where plans were made to disrupt the 1972 National Republican Convention and then blame it on political leftists. He also said that the L.A.P.D.'s Criminal Conspiracy Section told him where to buy guns and dynamite to protect his cover while infiltrating the Black Panthers.

The negative image of black police as informers or agents working against the good of their people is prevalent in black communities. Folks hear about these incidents and begin to wonder how many other Tackwoods there are in their own neighborhoods. Eventually their relationship with black cops—including many who might never consider political surveillance—becomes somewhat tarnished, leaving it up to the black officer to begin rebuilding a relationship of trust and honesty.

Howard Sheffey, president of the New York chapter of The Guardians, says his group advises its members to reveal their assignments to those whom they are supposed to infiltrate. "The man who infiltrates these organizations in the name of the police department," says Sheffey, "is usually not a policeman. . . . The system is they take a man the day they're swearing him in and they ask him, 'Would you like to be a detective?' And, unless he's had some pre-indoctrination, he's inclined to accept.

"These kids that go into undercover surveillances usually have never been to the police academy—we don't even know they're in the department until they start testifying in court. I found recently that we had a whole lot of blacks in undercover that we didn't know about."

Last year, when the department wanted to transfer some black undercover narcotics agents into political surveillance, the agents resisted, and Sheffey, who strongly protested the

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move, made the entire incident public.

"It is my job . . ." says Sheffey, "to inform my community of what's going on in the police department. And I'll take my chances with any disciplinary action that may come my way as a result of it." The Guardians have begun to actively interpret proposed local legislation dealing with justice or crime, and to inform black people if they feel such legislation might not be in their best interest.

The Guardians in New York have started a cram course to help black cops who will take departmental tests for promotions. And the group is seriously considering challenging the right of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association (a white-dominated group) to act as sole collective bargaining agent for all New York City cops.

JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE YOU FIND black cops today they have banded together into some sort of organized group, formal or not, seeking an end to police brutality of black people, to better relationships with their own communities and, most of all, unity.

In Columbus, Georgia last May, eight black cops were discharged from the force after picketing police headquarters over charges of discrimination. The black police, who ripped American flag patches off of their uniforms in a symbolic gesture, were members of that city's Afro-American Patrolmen's League. This incident led to several large and small scale disturbances during parts of last June and July and culminated in the entrance of state troopers.

In Chicago, which has a police force that is 16.2 percent black (compared to a black population of 33 percent), the Afro-American Patrolmen's League was begun in 1968 by Renault Robinson with the aid of Leonard 12X. At that time, Robinson was considered a model cop—a four-year man with numerous citations for outstanding work. A good house nigger, some folks might be inclined to say.

After a few months, when the League had grown slightly but steadily, Robinson was called in by his supervisor who warned him against continuing to organize, saying that he was trying to start a black mafia. The supervisor was himself president of an all-Irish police group.

Since his refusal to stop organizing, the view of Robinson in the eyes of many black folks has radically changed. He has been suspended from the force several times since beginning the society, and in November 1970 he was suspended for one year by the city Police Board on charges that included disrespect to a fellow officer, and bringing discredit on the department. Robinson says he has been harassed continually by supervisors and fellow officers, and the lives of his wife and children have been repeatedly threatened. He is currently bringing a $110,000 suit against the department for violation of his civil rights.

More and more black cops *are* asking for assignments in black communities. They know these communities need all of the police protection they can get (and then some) and would prefer that it come from the brothers.

The potential significance of this move back to the community was dramatized by the creation of an all-black "Soul Patrol" last November in the crime-ridden Roxbury section of Boston. Roxbury's 105,000 blacks make up just 14 percent of the Boston population, but they are the victims of one-third of the city's murders, rapes, robberies and burglaries. The indifference and corruption of the police in Roxbury have long been oppressively evident to the people who live there—with the gamblers, pushers and fences doing business in the streets with impunity. But last fall two senseless murders—one of an elderly nurse, the other of a 48-year-old father of fourteen, shot while waiting for the bus to work—brought new urgency to demands for real police protection. On November 19, with community pressure mounting, Boston NAACP president Jack Robinson met with Police Commissioner Edmund McNamara. Within two hours McNamara agreed to the creation of the special all-black patrol force, naming as Deputy Superintendent Herbert Craigwell, a black, 20-year policeman on Boston's 2380-member force; Craigwell picked 34 of them for the new assignment, a 6:30 PM to 2 AM patrol to begin the same night. That first night, on a tip, they arrested a man who had been wanted for murder for more than a year. Within two weeks the Soul Patrol arrested two more men wanted in murder cases that had been written off as unsolved. In its first month and a half the Patrol made nearly 100 felony arrests—without firing a shot. And Patrollers soon found themselves being hailed with peace signs and clenched fist salutes. The Soul Patrol's effectiveness depended upon the confidence of the people in the community. "A lot of people in this community know what's going on," explains Deputy Superintendent Craigwell." "They know where the guns, drugs and stolen goods are, but they are afraid. I don't blame them. Who's going to stick their head out only to find nothing would be done? If you did know something, about all you could do was call your district station and tell someone you didn't know over the phone—unless you happened to be lucky and know a black cop."

On Friday, January 28, after two and a half months of successful operation, the Soul Patrol was integrated by order of Police Commissioner McNamara. Ten white officers were transferred into the 34-man force, and several men were restored to their earlier assignments.

From its inception the Soul Patrol had been challenged by the white Police Patrolmen's Association on the grounds that an all-black unit violates the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (though the Association had never been known to complain about the Boston Police Department's all-white Harbor Patrol, Homicide squad, or Banking squad). The Association also warned that the all-black unit could eventually lead to community control of the police.

But, whatever the Boston Police Commission may hand down for Roxbury, all across the country more and more black cops are requesting assignments in black communities and are thinking of themselves as black first and upholders of the law second. As Chicago's Renault Robinson says, . . . we want *all* black policemen in the black community . . . we *shall* be our brother's keeper . . . we [are tired of those corn-fed white bastards stomping around our community being God."

Carol Morton is a free-lance journalist and associate producer of Black Journal *for National Educational Television. Material on the Boston "Soul Patrol" was provided by Chuck Olmstead.*

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Eating It! From Here to 2001

by Judith Van Allen

In 1970 there were approximately three and a half billion people in the world. At least half and probably two-thirds of them were undernourished, malnourished or starving. In the United States, only half of all families had a "good" diet by the United States Department of Agriculture's fairly loose standards. One in five families had "poor" diets—a 15 percent increase over 1955. Cases of kwashiorkor and other starvation diseases were "discovered" in migrant workers' camps and on Indian reservations.

In January 1970 the Institute of Food Technologists announced "SOS/70"—an effort to get food scientists and food technologists to focus their skills on feeding the hungry millions. In May at its annual convention, the 10,000-member IFT presented its annual food technology industrial achievement award to General Foods' Cool Whip —a "non-dairy whipped topping." Cool Whip is mostly water, sugar and vegetable oil, with gums and emulsifiers to make it stick together, and artificial color and flavor to make it taste "even better" than whipped cream. It has almost no nutritional value. Where I shop it costs 36 cents for 4½ ounces. And of course it comes in white molded plastic containers.

So much for the starving millions.

The futuristic food about which the food technologists dream is not the inexpensive, protein-, vitamin- and mineral-rich food needed by the poor. Food technologists much prefer technological "miracles." fabulous somethings made out of nothing with a good profit margin, designed for purchase by the overfed affluent—and by anyone else who can be conned into buying them. The shape of tomorrow's food, for America and for the world, is to be, according to the industry's Doctor Jekylls, just like today's only more so.

[II]

The big profits aren't in food food—fruits, vegetables, milk, meat or Crunchy Granola. The big profits are in making fancy things out of cheap materials—snacks, breakfast foods, desserts, soft drinks. In 1970 the Agriculture Department (USDA) reported that during the previous two generations, the proportion of calories that Americans eat in the form of starches has dropped from 68 to 48 percent, while the proportion in the form of sugar and other sweeteners has soared from 32 to 52 percent. The average American eats his or her own weight in sugar every year.

Our per capita consumption of milk, fresh fruits and vegetables has been declining steadily, replaced to a considerable extent by sweet snacks, sweet soft drinks, presweetened breakfast cereals and the sugar-water-vegetable oil emulsions we call "non-dairy creamers," "filled milk" and "whipped toppings."

And synthetic additives. There are now perhaps 3000 additives in use, and we each eat three pounds of them

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a year. The kinds of food on the drawing board of the food-industrial complex wouldn't be possible without all those emulsifiers, flavors, colors, sweeteners, texturizers, stabilizers, thickeners, anti-oxidants and preservatives.

This trend will continue, says V. D. Ludington, vice president, Corporate Research, General Foods:

> *[We] are moving gradually into a world of designed consumer foods. Natural farm produce such as milk, potatoes and grains are no longer just complete foods to be eaten as part of a meal. They have become ever-expanding sources of raw materials to be utilized as building blocks for new [and] more diverse . . . synthetic foods.*

There is even an ideological rationale for all this: it is the result of our free choice. There is an "acceptability revolution" going on, led by the young, who will "eat anything." Older, affluent Americans, bored with the same old foods, want ever new and exciting taste treats. So the food industry responds to this "consumer demand" and serves its "boss," the consumer. It is a service lightly borne, however; in the words of The Manufacturing Chemists' Association, "Most Americans like to try something different, a trait that makes the job of creative food technology doubly exciting!"

The food industry's propaganda runs a close second to its products for nausea level, and has just about as much to do with consumer "demand" or consumer need. We buy what they choose to sell, and we pay the costs of their telling us that it's what we want. It's a $125 billion a year business, and it controls what we eat now and what we'll eat tomorrow. Beyond that, the less money or time you have, the more your choices are controlled. If you live where you can grow some of your own food, and if you have the leisure to do it, you can partially escape the control. If you're vice president of a food conglomerate, you can pay somebody to get you whatever you want. For the rest of us it's back to the supermarket and the 37 varieties of Sugar Frosted Junkies.

[III]

THE "FOOD INDUSTRY" IS NOT JUST THE FOLKS who frost the Junkies. It is a huge and complex interlocking system: a set of oligopolies which exerts control over appended foundations, government agencies and congressional committees, university research and training centers. The oligopolies control information about food through their vast advertising expenditures and through an army of paid and unpaid propagandists—from "experts" who testify before Congress to newspaper and magazine food editors to home economics teachers who use industry handouts for "nutrition education."

Like some monstrous leafy green plant escaped from its own "green revolution," the food industry reaches into our lives, our homes, our minds, from the first time we toddle to the television set and see a cartoon about our friend Quake, the superhero, selling us Quangeroos ("the new marvelous orange-flavored pre-sweetened breakfast treat!"), or our "non-commercial" buddy, the Cookie Monster. Seen up close, this leafy green plant is a true miracle of modern technology: the color is FD&C Green No. 3, the leaves are a synthetic Venus' fly trap that holds us fast in its antiseptic plastic clutches.

In the last 30 years. through mergers and the gobbling up of small companies, the food industry has consolidated itself and its control over what we eat. In the same period, our food has been increasingly processed, so that what we eat today is "food" almost completely devitalized, with its important and necessary ingredients largely battered, heated, frozen or pulverized out of it. Sometimes they put back a few nutrients, call the food "enriched," and charge us extra for the favor.

Tomorrow is today in the cereal industry, where three manufacturers—Kellogg, Post and General Mills—control 80 percent of the $900 million-a-year market. You know the game: puffed-up prices; ridiculous nutritional claims; a proliferation of products, each generally indistinguishable from the last except by the gimmicks, games and toys used to sell them. Almost nothing is spent on research, the "significant new" development of the decade being sugar-frosted flakes—"significant," no doubt, because you pay $1.92 a pound for the sugar on the Junkies, against the 13 cents or so a pound the sugar on our kitchen shelf costs us.

Nothing for research, but millions for advertising—up to 18 percent of the industry's budget. Up to $75 million a year and more by the Big Three, and apparently worth it: Kellogg netted $42 million profit in 1968 on sales of $466.6 million, a nine percent return. "With television," a Kellogg official told *The Wall Street Journal* over ten years ago, "we can almost sell children our product before they can talk."

Every day fewer of them control more than all of us—not only in cereals but throughout the industry. Companies merge with or buy up already successful brands, thus saving development costs, and the biggest ones grow the fastest. Retail chains are moving into manufacturing and processing, and manufacturers into growing.

Sometimes, it's true, the oligopolies bump heads. The dairy people have been fighting with the makers of margarine for decades; and until very recently they succeeded in preventing the sale of "filled" milks (the butterfat is replaced with vegetable oil) and "non-dairy" cream substitutes. The sugar producers have been feuding with the producers of artificial sweeteners. Sometimes useful research is even produced as each side funds studies of what's wrong with its competitor's product.

But they are only separate tentacles of the same Green Monster that wants to control all of our food and, to a large extent, the food of the rest of the world. They share the propaganda effort to convince us that our diet is the best in the world's history, thanks to "our" food industry and its modern technology. Food editors of newspapers all over the country are supplied with handouts of recipes and stories which feature company products. The editors are held in docile captivity, not only by the amount of advertising revenue newspapers get from food chains and manufacturers, but by a steady bombardment with gifts ("food samples," liquor, appliances) plus numerous junkets every year that masquerade as food tours, conferences and contests.

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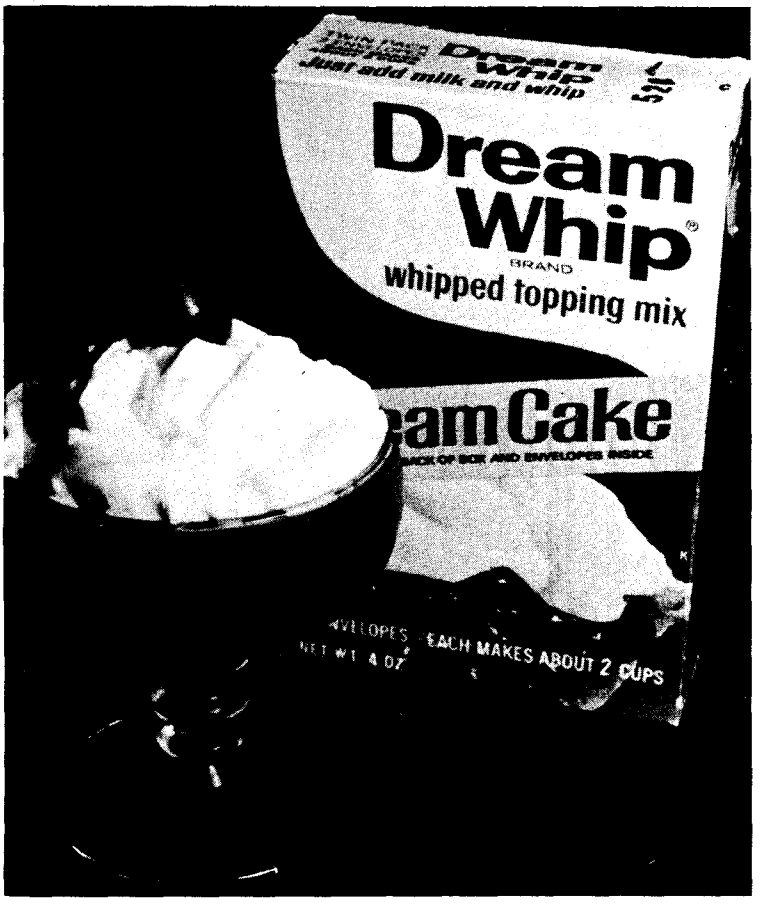

Photographs by Louise Kohlenbaum

INGREDIENTS: SWEETARTS: Dextrose, malto-dextrin, malic acid, magnesium stearate, artificial flavors and colors; SCREAMING YE LOW ZONKERS: Authentic sugar, absolute popcorn, honest corn syrup, vegetable oil with integrity, legitimate butter (3%), real sa emulsifier (lechithin) antitoxidant (BHA and BHT) and beta carotene; CHEE-TOS: Corn meal, vegetable oil with BHA and BH as preservatives, Citric acid, cheese, salt, sour cream, whey solids, sodium phosphate, lactic acid, artificial color and flavor; DREA WHIP: Sugar, hydrogenated coconut and soybean oils, propylene glycol monostrearate (emulsifier—for uniform blending of oil), lactos (milk sugar) sodium caseinate (a protein), whey solids, sodium silico aluminate (prevents caking), hydroxlated soybean lecithin (emu

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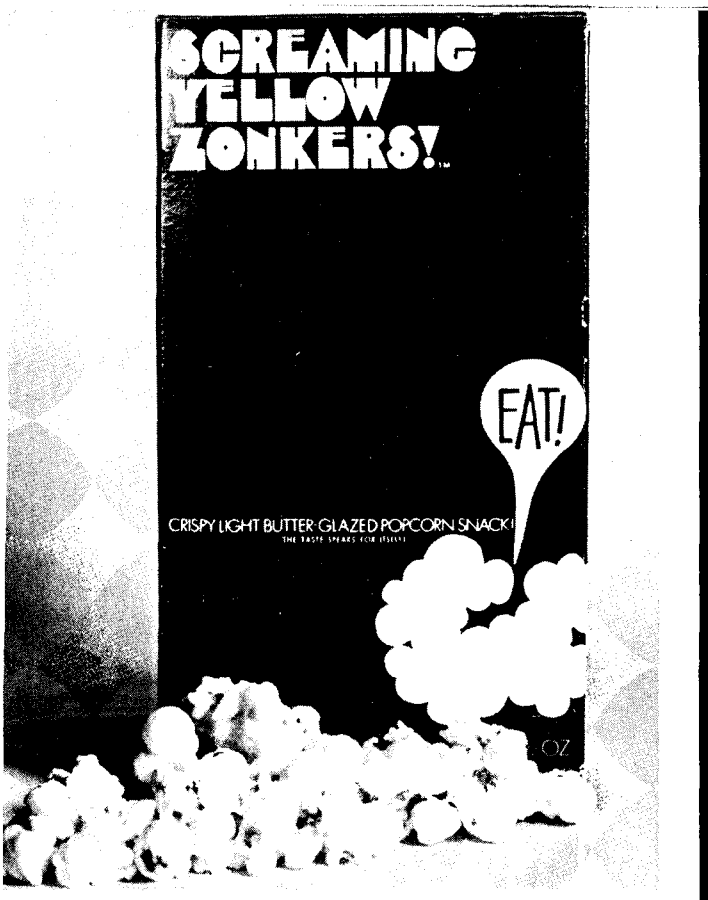

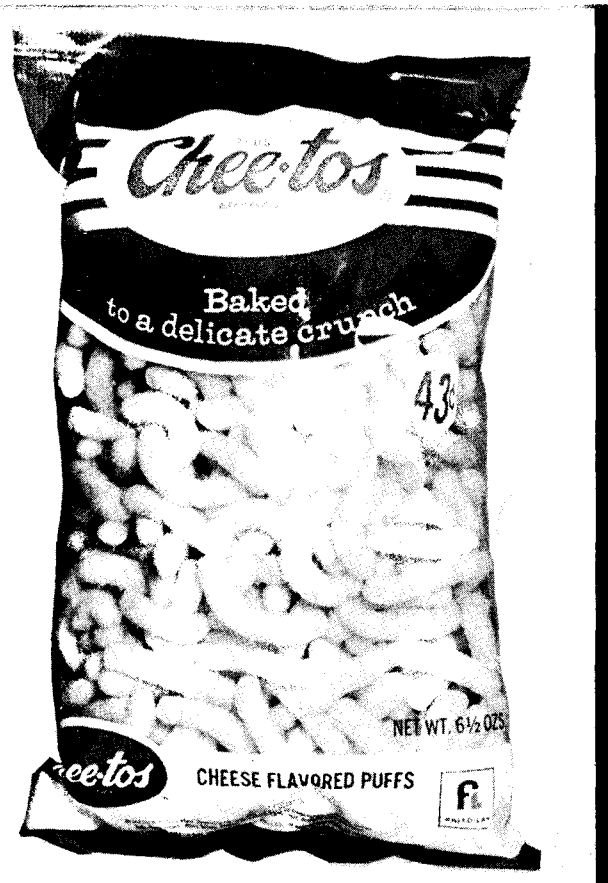

ffier), artificial flavor and color, BHA (preservative); TANG: Sugar, citric acid (for tartness), natural flavor gum arabic (vegetable um—provides body), monosodium phosphate and potassium citrate (regulate tartness), calcium phosphate (prevents caking), Vitamin C, cellulose gum (vegetable gum), hydrogenated coconut oil, artificial flavor, artificial color, Vitamin A, BHA (a preservative); ELL-O: Sugar, flour, shortening, modified tapioca starch, egg white solids, adipic-acid (for tartness), natural flavors, salt, sodium and alcium phosphates (for proper set), sodium alginate (vegetable gum—thickener), modified soy protein and cream of tartar (aid whipping), cellulose gum (vegetable gum), artificial color, sodium hexametaphosphate (aids whipping), BHA and citric acid (preservatives).

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Women's magazines, even more dependent on industry ads and the same gift-junket pattern, are mouthpieces for the industry—no real criticism, but lots of pictures of food and lots of fad diets. More than 65 percent of television ad revenue comes from the food industry, and thus the networks are not likely to offend the Green Monster either. In the television industry it was considered an act of great moral courage for NBC to follow the Public Broadcasting System in "exposing" the meat-packing industry—at the rate such courage builds, we may expect to see another exposé in, say, another ten years.

Public school teachers are loaded with glossy industry pamphlets and posters which teach how nutritious white bread, fat and sugar are, and encourage children to regard from six to eight ounces of meat a day as not only a desirable but even a necessary part of their diet. They also teach, of course, that Food Additives Are Our Friends.

While all this is going on, the Green Monster keeps its tentacles wrapped lovingly but firmly around "its" government agencies—the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), and the House and Senate Committees on Agriculture. The FDA mostly leaves the Monster alone, enforcing the laws with extreme selectivity when it enforces them at all, squirming frantically when an occasional burst of consumer activity or an accidental scientific discovery forces it to the wall. Congress has dabbled in a few programs but even it often comes more to the aid of industry than to the scissored beneficiaries.

The National School Lunch Program, for example, has a stated purpose of providing hot lunches to all American school children. Investigations by outraged nutritionists, however, have revealed that it reaches fewer than half the children, and generally not the poorest. It provides lunches of low nutritional value—low in protein, high in fat and unenriched starchy foods. What it *does* is provide a good outlet for commercial agriculture. That's the pattern of "volume feeding" we can expect to see more of in the future, as children, the elderly, the "indigent" are herded into cafeterias and fed what people with money won't buy.

The USDA busily promotes American agriculture at home and abroad, while USDA regional laboratories scattered around the country do "free" research, both basic and narrowly product-related. Much of their work has to do with whatever is grown in the region; the western regional lab currently has a project to develop sweeteners from citrus flavonoids. In the solid dairy country of Pennsylvania, USDA scientists are trying to increase the polyunsaturated fats in milk by feeding cows encapsulated droplets of polyunsaturated oil. The same laboratory's "milk-orange powder," developed in cooperation with Dairy Development, Inc., will probably be introduced commercially early this year, according to *Food Engineering*. (Yes, that's a real publication.)

Some universities, departments and faculty are more tightly integrated with the food industry than others, but a significant amount of "free" research is done—free to the industry, paid for by state taxpayers and by students forced to bear the costs of university giveaways to industry. The University of California at Davis, for instance, invented a tomato harvester, which has been estimated to save the growers at least $14 million a year (mechanical harvesters being cheaper than unionized farm workers). The patent agreement—at the same time the University's budget was being cut drastically—brought in about $100,000 in 1968.

[IV]

WHEN THE INDUSTRY DOES ITS OWN RESEARCH, it is to develop 43 new brands of Super Munchies, 80 percent of which, they know, won't make it commercially. The other 20 percent are priced to cover that. What the industry does *not* pay its own technologists to do is to develop *one* kind of low-cost high-protein food for the hungry people of the world.

That is costly research, it takes longer, and it matches high risk with low profit. The hungry poor might turn out to be allergic to it (as millions of Africans and Asians and black Americans are allergic to the milk sugar, lactose); even worse, the hungry poor may not be able to afford the product at a price that makes its production profitable.

There is research on food for the future that is high in nutrition and low in cost; the research is paid for by USDA, the Agency for International Development (AID), the National Institutes of Health or by other government agencies, or by the Food and Agricultural Organization or other international agencies, or by large foundations like Rockefeller or Ford. They all give grants to universities for basic research—in cross-breeding wheat, for example, for the "green revolution," or for "feasibility studies" of specific types of food production. Even the food industry collects a share of these research grants.

But none of this feeds any people—or at least very little of it does—because most of it is designed, again, to keep the Green Monster's tenacles well supplied with its life blood, also green. Almost all grant programs have the same goal: the development of "economically viable" industries in the food-deficit nations. "Economically viable" means privately profitable, whether to Americans, Europeans or local elites. More often than not, it's Americans.

In 1968, for instance, AID awarded a contract to General Oceanology, Inc., of Boston, to do studies of building plants in Korea and Chile for the production of fish protein concentrate (FPC)—an odorless, tasteless white powder which can be added to ordinary foods in the diet as a high-quality protein supplement. The contractor reported that although there is malnutrition in Korea among

> *certain groups—pregnant and nursing women, weaning infants, pre-school children, and lower-income groups . . . there is no valid economic reason for starting an FPC industry in Korea.*

The report did note somewhat wistfully, however, that "if [FPC] can be imported inexpensively, [it] would be a big help in decreasing malnutrition in Korea." The Chilean site, on the other hand, was approved—because the Chilean government was prepared to buy from 50 to 60 percent of the plant's output for child-feeding programs.

The report demonstrates, well enough, the Green Monster's priorities. If outside-funded research turns up a

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profitable possibility, the food industry can and will move in. If not, it can set up conferences called SOS/70 or 71 or 72, and go back to its Cool Whip.

The division of research according to its profitability is mirrored in the division food technologists make in food itself when they're talking about tomorrow. They see an increasing polarization between two classes of eaters, those who can pay premium prices and those who cannot; and between two classes of food, "real" food in convenience forms plus high-profit gimmick foods, for "us," and for "them," plankton paste, algal soup, fish protein concentrate and powered food supplements made from micro-organisms grown on the wastes from the food industry.

Americans already spend 35 percent of the national food budget on "convenience"; that will go up. We already have dehydrated soups, instant mashed potatoes ("convenience foods"), complete frozen dinners and items like frozen pizza ("compound foods") and good old Cool Whip ("formula foods"). Coming up are more freeze-dried, dehydrated, instant, pre-sweetened, pre-cut, measured and seasoned foods—"containerized eating." The containers will be boiling bags, and your stove will have a boiling well to boil them in. Our gluttonous share of the world's animal resources will be protected as long as possible, the meat to come in pre-cut bagged portions to pop into our boiling wells or into instant-cooking microwave ovens. (If you don't want Cool 'n Creamy for dessert, stand by: Coming up is freeze-dried ice cream, and think about *that* for a while.)

We can expect gifts as "spin-offs" from the "specialized feeding systems" developed for space capsules and undersea labs. So far we have Tang—a synthetic orange juice substitute which lacks a vitamin (citrin) needed in combination with Vitamin C for scurvy protection—and Space Food Sticks, a high-priced Tootsie Roll. Food technology literature promises us edible film wrappings for foods, like the films used to package bite-sized cheese sandwich squares for astronauts. That *would* be a step toward reducing solid waste, assuming we're willing to eat the stuff.

The technologists are of course delighted with those "specialized feeding systems" for outerspace and under the sea. Pumpable foods will be transferred to individuals via tubes and fittings from a central chamber—called "Mom."

So far I've encountered no out-loud hopes for a mechanical "Mom" in every home. But some of those who are less connected with reality do envision fully automated food service. Each nuclear family can stay isolated in its home unit and dial the computer at the supermarket unit. The computer will select and dispatch the food to the house food-receptor unit, which will store it to be cooked on request. Since the planting, harvesting, processing and transporting to the supermarket unit will also be automated in this vision, you will have "pure," antiseptic, plastic food, untouched by human hands—no dirt, no sweat, just nice clean chemical pesticides and additives. If one can choke it down, one would expect to shit plastic pellets, presumably into the waste receiving unit, whence it would speed off to the recycling unit, to reappear again in a form known only to the computer.

[v]

POSSIBLY THE ULTIMATE FOOD TECHNOLOGIST is Maxwell Brockman of the U.S. Army Laboratories, Natick, Massachusetts. He predicts foods with "collateral functions—e.g., edible books, fabrics, structural components, insulation and so forth." The possibilities are staggering. Propaganda leaflets (for air drops) labeled "Eat this pamphlet—good with rice." Disgruntled recruits gnawing on their tent poles.

Projections of this kind all assume that a minority of less than a third of the world's population—the affluent classes in the industrially developed countries—can maintain their control of two-thirds of the world's resources. They assume that we can continue to *import* protein foods from the protein-starving nations of the Third World, and feed those foods (e.g., soybeans and peanuts, or the protein-rich oilseed cakes left after the oil is pressed out, or fish meal) to cattle, pigs and chickens to provide us with meat. In return, we can continue to send them grains, as long as we have surpluses. After that, they'll just have to find a way to feed themselves.

Not that that genial Green Monster, the food industry, isn't willing to "help," if it's profitable enough. They do not of course advocate that we leave the peanuts in Nigeria, the fish meal in Peru or the beef in Argentina. Instead they will develop products *using* American and sometimes locally grown soybeans or other crops as the raw material "building blocks" for formula foods. With AID money, American firms are test-marketing in Latin America their "new protein drinks"—soft drinks with a dollop of soy protein. European, Japanese and South African firms are doing the same thing for Africa and Asia.

The protein content of these "high protein" drinks varies, but none is very high, in spite of the names—Vitasoy (Japan), Fortifex (Brazil), or Pro-Nutro (South Africa). In addition to its already worldwide literal Coca-Cola imperialism—selling black sugar-water plus caffeine to rot the teeth of millions—the Coca-Cola Company is now test-marketing its own soy drink in Rio de Janeiro. It's chocolate-flavored, and it contains three percent soy protein (from Brazilian soybeans). It's called Saci—presumably from the verb for "satisfy"—and it's promoted as *"poderoso"* with *"deliciosa energia."*

The industry's justification for all this is that the people in these countries need protein and that this is a palatable way to give it to them. But they are not giving these drinks away. As George Briggs, a nutritionist at the University of California in Berkeley, put it, "They get the prices down to something cheap, by our standards, say three cents a bottle. But when you make twenty cents or less a day, how can you buy a soft drink for three cents?" And if you did, because you believed it was a "high protein" drink, you would have been conned out of a good portion of the money you have available for food.

If Coca-Cola peddled its Saci to affluent American teenagers as a "nutritious" substitute for other soft drinks, we could limit our complaining to questions of misleading advertising and to the fact that Saci wouldn't help to reduce the overload of sugar in the American diet. But it is

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a crime of a different order to promote sugar-water and three percent protein as a "nutritious protein drink" to people who are malnourished in general and protein-starved in particular *as a result of* American economic and nutritional imperialism. We steal what high-quality protein of theirs we can get our hands on. Most of their best land is planted in cash crops for export to us, not in food crops for local consumption—that's what AID calls "development." Then we send them Saci.

If Saci is successful after having been tested on Latin Americans, then Coca-Cola may bring it home, which would be in line with the projections of some of the more nutritionally-minded food scientists. Briggs suggests that while the proliferation of snack foods will continue because of their profitability, we will in the future be offered more nutritious versions—more vitamins, minerals and protein added to soft drinks, cereals and snacks, more fruit-juice-based soft drinks, tighter nutritional controls on frozen dinners, and even bread made from a higher extraction flour (with more of the wheat berry's original nutrients left intact). This could be described as a partial shift from high-cost foods of low nutritional value to high-cost foods of somewhat better nutritional value—in a world where what we need are low-cost foods of high nutritional value.

Briggs himself said that, while that's what he thinks the food industry may *sell*, the "real diet of tomorrow" will be a balance of plant foods that would currently cost you 50 cents a day, a selected combination of peas, beans, whole grains, rice, green vegetables, fruits, nuts, a little seaweed for trace minerals and, if you're lucky, some milk or cheese. Thousands of people in this country are turning to natural foods in an attempt to get away from pesticides and chemical additives. Many of them are eating less meat, both because of its cost and because of its DDT, antibiotic and hormone residues. Thousands of us have discovered soybeans, for example, as a cheap and perfectly edible source of quality protein. But there is as yet no *mass* market for such foods, and, most important to the food industry, they are not highly profitable.

Food technologists are coming to see the virtues of the soybean—and of other relatively high-protein beans, nuts and seeds—as a food for people and not just for hogs. But that doesn't mean that they plan simply to sell people the soybeans to eat. What's the point in that? What you really are demanding, although you don't know it yet, is *spun vegetable protein,* textured to resemble meat (more or less, mostly less), and well-doused with artificial coloring and flavoring to look and taste like meat (one flavoring manufacturer offers 41 different phony meat flavors).

This method of spinning has been known for some 35 years, from research done to convert corn, cottonseed and peanut proteins into textile fibers. Worked fine. You could be wearing peanut-protein clothes, except that the fibers couldn't be made water-resistant. So we're going to eat them instead.

Alternatively, soy fibers are extruded in the same sort of process used to make those squiggly-shaped dry pet foods and breakfast cereals. You can eat spun vegetable protein (SVP sometimes called "textured" vegetable protein) more or less on its own in General Mills' Bac-Os, Saus-Os or Pepr-Os (SVP plus vegetable oil, salt, hydrolyzed vegetable protein, sugar, dried egg white, artificial flavors and artificial color) or in Worthington's Vegetarian Veja-Links ("packed in delicious sauce') or Stripples, an imitation bacon complete with white marbling. You may eat it without intending to if you buy one of the prepared combination foods (like Jeno's Pizza Rolls or Lipton's Beef Stroganoff) and don't read the label carefully.

In the interests of science and objective reporting, our family bought some Bac-Os: 3.25 ounces for 79 cents—or $3.90 a pound!—as compared to dried soybeans at 23 cents a pound. Their taste does *resemble* bacon, but they are extremely salty. Their color resembles that of cat food more than it resembles bacon. As the jar label says, they would indeed "add crisp and crunch to many kinds of foods"—as well as cost and artificial flavors and colors. But spun vegetable protein is a "food of the future" as far as the food technologists are concerned. And, after they've gotten enough of us to eat it often enough, perhaps the price will come down, say to the current level of beef roasts.

Whatever we pay for Bac-Os, spun vegetable protein is cheaper for the manufacturer to use than real animal protein, and some of the chemical additive makers are offering their lines of it. In a recent ad in *Food Technology,* Archer Daniels Midland Co. offers its version of SVP as a "fabulous new food," available in "granular, chunk, dice, strip and chip forms," "unseasoned, or with flavoring of almost any kind—meaty, nutty, tangy, salty, even fruit flavors." Their SVP is "exceptionally well-suited for institutional feeding and restaurants"—where the feedee might even think it's meat—and food manufacturers are urged to "find out more about this fabulous new food . . . about the profit-making opportunities it affords."

Spun vegetable protein, whether made from soybeans (the best protein source being considered), peanuts, sunflower seeds or cowpeas, seems to straddle the food class division—fancy-food, high-cost SVP gimmicks will add "crisp and crunch" to the meals of those who can pay, while lower-cost, bulk SVP will provide protein in the meals of those who are submitted to volume feeding.

The rest of the "new" food sources—products not now used for feeding people or products not now produced commercially at all—are not intended for anyone who can afford "real" food. They are intended for feeding "them," not for feeding "us." Fish meal and fish protein concentrate, algae, yeasts, bacteria, fungi, molds, plankton and single-cell protein grown on petroleum wastes—all these wonders of modern food technology can be available for the hungry people of the Third World. Like fish protein concentrate, most of these would be ground into a tasteless powder, to be added to rice, bread, tortillas or whatever as a protein supplement. Plankton would become fish paste, or perhaps a powder too.

FOOD TECHNOLOGISTS MAGICALLY TURN INTO "ecologists" when they start to make projections about feeding those "other people." They become enthusiastic about using the waste products of dozens of industries as nutrient sources for algae, yeasts, fungi, bac-

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teria and molds, to be used in making protein powder. But once that "waste" becomes valuable as a nutrient source —well, we know whether they're going to give it away or not, don't we?

In China, for centuries, all waste—human, commercial, animal, industrial—has been reclaimed, or at least some attempt has been made to reclaim it, because it has been *needed.* Today, they say, "All waste is treasure," and workers in factories strive to find ways to use every bit of left-over or by-product material. An article in the May 7, 1971 *Peking Review* says:

> *Many workers started multi-purpose use of waste after studying Chairman Mao's philosophical thinking. They came to understand that "all things invariably divide into two," and that, under given conditions, waste materials could be transformed into useful things and the harmful into the beneficial.*

Somehow, it is not at all the same thing when a chemist employed by the petroleum industry figures out how to turn petroleum waste into "treasure" for his company, though on purely *ecological* grounds there may be no basis for criticism. If there's a profit to be made in it, industries will grow algae on their wastes and sell the algae, or they'll sell the waste and let someone else grow the algae. If it's *not* profitable, they won't, regardless of the nutritional or ecological benefits involved.

Waste from food processing plants, residues from flour processing, "used" yeast from breweries, oilseed cakes, whey from buttermaking, industrial wastes, citrus press water, petroleum and methane gas—all these and many more types of waste will support the growth of algae, yeasts, bacteria, fungi and molds "suitable" for protein production for human consumption—as long as it isn't "us" doing the consuming. Almost all this growing is most economical—and most profitable—when done in a way which is integrated with the industrial processes themselves. SCP (single-cell protein)—the only "food from waste" currently in production—for sale as animal feed—can be produced from yeasts and bacteria-eating waxy paraffins in aerated tanks of crude oil, a process which increases the quality level of the oil at the same time it produces protein.

George A. Borgstrom, professor of food science and geography at Michigan State University, argues that the only economically feasible way to grow algae for food is in connection with sewage processing. Blue-green algae of a humanly edible type can be grown, and have been eaten for many years in some parts of Africa and Asia. But the algae need large surfaces of water on which to grow (in Africa, they grow on Lake Chad, and are harvested and made into loaves). The ponds of sewage plants provide flat surfaces and abundant nutrients, and the algae help to purify the water (and maybe there is a use for Lake Erie after all).

Americans do not take easily to the idea of substituting sewage-fed algae for corn-fed beef in their diets. Robert and Leona Rienow, in *Moment in the Sun,* loudly lament the projected loss of our civilized diet, which we somehow seem to deserve (quite ignoring the extent to which we have that diet because we are the protein-gobblers of the world). They abhor the "slime" (i.e., algae) which some madmen suggest that we should eat.

Between the lines of their complaint, as between the lines of the food technologists' predictions, it seems to say quite clearly: "That is not fit food for a white man to eat." Feed the Third World the fish meal and the FPC—they aready eat a lot of smelly dried fish. Feed them the "plankton paste," if you can ever make a mechanical whale to gather it for you—they already eat foul-tasting fermented shrimp and fish pastes. Feed them the fruits of your green revolution—and when a plant disease finally produces a mutated form which attacks the super-productive but genetically unprotected hybrid which has become their staple food, so much the worse for them. You can then feed them the sewage-grown algae; after all these centuries of contact with us, they are surely accustomed to eating shit.

The food technologists, the food engineers, the food product developers, the "flavorists" and "colorists" will go on as long as they can, leading us, or dragging us kicking and screaming, in the direction of their dreamed-of containerized food systems. If we choose "organic" fruits, vegetables, nuts, whole grains, eggs and milk, *some* of us may get away with that for a time—underneath, behind and around the Green Monster's determined and continuing attempt to enfold us into its color-, texture- and taste-controlled, uniformly pre-sweetened world. And when world famines hit, what then?

Kermit Bird of the USDA, writing in *Food Product Development,* November 1968, expressed the typical technological narrowness and arrogance of the food engineers. Faced with the prospect of too many Americans for the projected supplies of animal protein now available, he cast his meat-hungry gaze around to see what other animal we might devour. He suggests the blue whale, apparently unaware that we have already decimated that species. He runs through other species in some order of preference—as each is devoured, we move on to the next. But after the elands are gone, and the elephants and hippos and kangaroos, after we have devoured the seals, the dolphins, and the gentle manatees, what then can we find to provide us with meat?

Jonathan Swift answered the question 243 years ago in his "Modest Proposal—For preventing the children of poor people in Ireland, from being a burden to their parents or country; and for making them beneficial to the Public." Surely the food engineers will be able to design suitable fattening, harvesting, processing and delivery systems to provide affluent Americans with boil-in-the-bag choplets of imported animal protein to drop into our stove wells (labeled with an appropriately piquant name—say,"Donner lamb"), and for Americans who cannot pay, there will be cheap, bulk HPC (human protein concentrate), a tasteless, odorless protein supplement, "especially well-suited for restaurants and institutional volume feeding."

Bon appetit!

Judith Van Allen is the co-author, with Gene Marine, of Food Pollution, The Violation of Our Inner Ecology (*Holt, Rinehart and Winston*).

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Why China "Turned West"

So many deeds cry out to be done
And always urgently.
The world rolls on.
Time passes.
Ten thousand years are too long.

ON HIS RECENT HISTORIC TRIP TO PEKING, President Nixon quoted this poem of Chairman Mao, to call their two countries to "start a long march together, not in lockstep, but on different roads leading to the same goal. . . ."

With a rare finesse he had underscored a major factor which had made possible the meeting of the leaders of the two great former antagonists. For Mao's poem was written in 1963 as a fervent call for his countrymen to "Seize the day" and struggle against Soviet Russia.

"The four seas are tempestuous as clouds and waters show their wrath," Mao described the Sino-Soviet dispute. "The five continents are shaken as gales and thunder rage. Pests should be stamped out so that we may become invincible."

Listening to this Presidential toast, Chou En-lai hardly needed to be reminded that the pests referred to were not Americans.

It was not always so. Fifteen years earlier, in November 1957, Mao had bluntly declared that "the socialist camp must have a leader and this leader is the Soviet Union." Today, however, it is Russia, not America, that is regarded by Peking as China's principal enemy. Undoubtedly few Chinese during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution suspected that its conclusion would find President Nixon landing in Peking as planes bombed Indochina.

The significance of the Peking summit-meetings, however, would be missed if they were understood simply as an attempt by Washington to deflect U.S. opinion from the war in Vietnam and to plug Presidential politics or by Peking to capitalize on short-term gains by "selling out" the Vietnamese revolution. The Chinese have been able to begin those negotiations only because of the defeats inflicted by the Vietnamese on American imperialism, and they have not in fact given up all support for Hanoi. But Peking is now committed to what it regards as much larger objectives within the emerging "multi-polar" world order. United in their opposition to the Soviet Union, and in their quest for greater leverage against Japan, Washington and Peking are seeking a relationship to achieve mutual long-term advantages on *certain* fundamental questions. No alliance is involved, nor even any serious policy coordination. None is required. In an increasingly complex and fluid international situation, both sides see great advantages merely in closer contact. If the conception of a "multi-polar" world set the stage for this détente, however, it remains the triangle relationship of Peking-Moscow-Washington within which it makes sense.

When Mao led the Chinese Communists to victory in 1949, he obviously "leaned to one side" of the cold war ideologically. But there is every indication that even then he wanted China's foreign policy to have a significant degree of independence.

Mao owed nothing to Moscow. The Russians had backed his opponents in the '20s and '30s. They had opposed his strategy against Chiang Kai-shek after 1945.

The Chinese Communist movement under Mao, moreover, had become radically independent. It was not in close contact with Moscow or the other major communist parties. And in those long formative years, at least, Mao had come to understand political strategy in terms of united fronts and loose alliances, not blocs. Even among enemies, there could be unity to achieve specific tasks. In the communist movement, a shared general ideology was the basis for local initiative.

But an alliance with Russia was necessary in the bipolar world of 1949. America had tried to block the revolution, just as it was already attempting to contain it militarily and politically—in Japan, Indochina, Korea. Mao probably had little wish to be an "ideological" Tito at this time. Not only was the risk great, but general acceptance of the Soviet global view was not seen as undermining his independence.

Until the Korean war, China strongly indicated that its alliance with the Soviets did not preclude its own active international role. Peking wished to take its seat in the

by Jim Peck

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United Nations as one of the Big Five powers, to trade with the capitalist world, to establish diplomatic relations with any nation which observed the principle of equality. No tolerance was given to nations still trying to retain a foothold on Kuomintang Taiwan. Having just "stood up," China had no intention of compromising its principles and national rights. It would not honor the agreements of the Kuomintang. And it would recognize the DRV government declared by the Vietnamese revolutionaries (forcing Moscow to do the same), despite the consequent alienation of France.

Whatever uneasiness Stalin felt about Mao, however, was terminated by the Korean war. The war insured Chinese dependency in future dealings with the Russians. By taking Taiwan, America was to guarantee Chinese diplomatic isolation for two decades. Branded as an aggressor, the subject of an international embargo, isolated from its role as a great power in the United Nations, China faced unrelenting hostility from Washington. Such factors, combined with the sheer cost of the Korean war, the need for Soviet technology, expertise and trade, seemed to cement the alliance.

When Stalin died, Peking pushed hard for a relaxation of Moscow's control over the socialist camp. Fall 1956 found Peking supporting Poland's attempt for greater independence and criticizing Moscow for "great nation chauvinism." Not only were the Chinese asserting an independent line, but in almost every respect they were far more flexible on bloc discipline than the Russians.

Why, then, Peking's complete reversal in late 1957: the attacks on Yugoslav revisionism and Mao's strong endorsement for Soviet leadership of the socialist camp?

Khrushchev was angling for Chinese support for his proposals made to the 20th Party Congress for peaceful coexistence and mutual arms reduction with the West. From his viewpoint, the ideal development would be both détente with Washington and alliance with the Chinese. A détente promised significant rewards for the Soviets: stabilization of the status quo in Eastern Europe, the Russian prime area of concern, and the certainty that Germany would remain non-nuclear. It also meant recognition of Soviet equality with the U.S.—establishing a principle of two power resolution of significant global issues. In 1957 Khrushchev was wooing Chinese allegiance with public support for various Chinese positions (China's right to its own method of building socialism, support for Mao's theory of non-antagonistic contradictions) and, more important, with the agreement "on new technology for nuclear defense" concluded on October 15, 1957 under which the Chinese claimed that they were to be provided with a "sample of an atomic bomb and the technical data concerning its manufacture." Khrushchev thus made bloc unity attractive by offering to make China more of an equal partner in strategic terms than before.

Washington, however, by maintaining hard-line pressure on China while letting up on the Soviets, forced a choice between the détente and the alliance. As early as 1954 in the first Quemoy-Matsu offshore islands crisis, Russian support had been cool. The second time, in 1958, it was almost cold. All the time, Washington rejected any attempt to discuss any international issues until the Chinese pledged to accept the status quo on Taiwan.

To the Chinese, the Soviets were opting for a détente with the U.S. at the expense of their promise to back China on the Taiwan question. For China, a détente which confirmed the status quo on Taiwan would be intolerable. Taiwan, the competing and to a large extent the recognized claimant to national sovereignty, was the essential instrument of China's diplomatic isolation, the linchpin of U.S. containment policies, and a constant affront to the strong national pride of China's revolutionary leaders. Even more, détente on this basis meant perpetuating China's subordination in all global strategic discussions with the West. The more Moscow sought détente, the less China was involved. For Moscow, Europe and the détente were to prove more vital than Taiwan and the alliance.

This tension was heightened when the Americans made it quite clear that a détente with Moscow would be jeopardized by continued Russian assistance to China's nuclear program. And in June 1959 Khrushchev cancelled the nuclear sharing act. A year later, as issues mounted, Khrushchev ended all Soviet economic assistance and all experts were abruptly withdrawn.

When Moscow signed the Test Ban Treaty in 1963 over Chinese objections, the back of the alliance was broken. Khrushchev's fall from power in October 1964 changed nothing. Chou En-lai journeyed to Moscow to negotiate with the new leaders, but the points of conflict remained intact. It was this Soviet pursuit of détente, not merely contentions of revolutionary theories, at the very time America was rapidly expanding its power in Asia which underlay all the great polemic debates of the early 1960s. Russia, whose security was seen in continued European stability and consolidation of the East European buffer zone, has less interest in encouraging wars of national liberation than China, under the growing pressure of encirclement by U.S. military bases and armed client states. And it was only natural for China to denounce a Soviet-U.S. accommodation which she had not been invited to join. The complete loss of trust by at least some elements of China's leadership became evident following Khrushchev's ouster. The greater ideological polemics subsided; the critique of compromise was replaced by the charge of collusion. It was a more blunt and accurate assessment of the triangular relationship and remains the essential foundation for the Chinese view of two "superpowers."

As the Sino-Soviet alliance disintegrated and American power became more ominous, Peking struggled to fashion a new foreign policy in the '60s. At least three competing policy currents can be distinguished: (1) a revised conception of Soviet "internationalism" (Liu Shao-chi); (2) revolutionary self-reliance (Lin Piao); (3) a self-sufficient "great power" independent of the existing alliance structure and blocs (Mao and Chou). Convenience requires simplistic identification of a policy with certain individuals, but a particular line was often supported by the entire leadership once agreed upon. Certain individuals tended to become more associated with one than the other. Whether they actually

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Chou En-lai, Interpreter, Mao Tse-tung, President Nixon, 1972

were totally committed to one current over another, however, is less important than the broad alternatives Peking dealt with in the '60s.

Liu Shao-chi symbolized the dedication to a revised notion of Soviet internationalism. In the great polemics against the Soviet Union in the early 1960s, the Chinese bitterly condemned the Russian attempt to dominate the socialist camp, even as they based their theoretical position on a conception of its unity. They strongly affirmed the international obligations of communist parties, and the fraternal obligations of one socialist state to another.

Since Moscow had opted for détente, this policy current required the creation of a new international communist movement to separate existing communist parties and socialist states from Moscow's influence and to encourage pro-China splinter groups where this was not possible. Though somewhat similar to the earlier Russian conception of the Comintern, the pro-China party movement was more decentralized. But it emphasized the careful cultivation of party relationships, an internationally shared ideology and international co-ordination of policy. It was an organizational approach *par excellence.*

But it did not work. Even the Japanese and Korean communist parties were openly criticizing Peking by 1965, and Mao himself, in his interview with Edgar Snow that year, expressed little optimism about the immediate prospects for innumerable tiny pro-Peking groups.

This reliance on an intricate system of party relationships was coupled with an emphasis on alliances with various national bourgeois governments to enhance China's security. China pushed its "united front from above" policy—an attempt to obtain regional security through alliances with "anti-imperialist" governments. This intricate attempt to cultivate close government-to-government ties seemed initially successful in warding off American power—in Indonesia, Burma, Cambodia. It was related to the attempt to mobilize and organize the Third World countries against both Russia and the U.S. Ben Bella in Algeria and Nkrumah in Ghana were crucial partners in this strategy. Of course, friendly links with all these governments required opposition to local leftist movements. Even though most of these nations had conservative military forces (Pakistan, Indonesia, Burma, Cambodia), it seemed a necessary price to pay.

This shaky system of regional friendships collapsed in 1965. The coup in Indonesia which left Sukarno powerless, destroyed the Indonesian Communist Party, and slaughtered hundreds of thousands of Indonesians, was only one shattering blow to the Chinese that year.

The failure of plans for a second Bandung conference in Algiers and the overthrow of Ben Bella; the ouster of Nkrumah in Ghana; the poor showing of the Pakistani army in the war against India which allowed Moscow to make its diplomatic breakthrough at Tashkent; the Americanization of the war in Vietnam—all left China's policy in shambles.

With the escalation of the war in Vietnam, and in the face of the collapse of much of China's policy by late 1965, another policy current became more evident. For convenience sake, again, it could be personalized by a leading individual—Lin Piao.

His policy was to accept the international encirclement of China, draw a line between cooperation with either revisionism or imperialism, and provide moral (but not military) support for various revolutionary struggles.

On People's War was the crucial statement of this perspective. It stressed self-reliance (Vietnam must wage its own war in its own way). And it expressed absolutely no genuine interest in creating an alternate international communist party system (even wars of national liberation need no longer be led by communist parties). Nor was confidence expressed in alliances with various anti-imperialist governments. Each nation and struggle was radically independent, united only through a shared global ideology.

China was to be a bastion of revolution—isolated, but building socialism within itself. China was part of a world revolutionary process, but not its co-ordinator or controller. Even the contradictions among the great world powers were of little immediate tactical importance. The only really significant division of the world was between the "cities"—the developed countries—and the "rural areas" which would surround and defeat them. The basic assumption of People's War, of course, was that the U.S. was the principal enemy.

Wide World Photos

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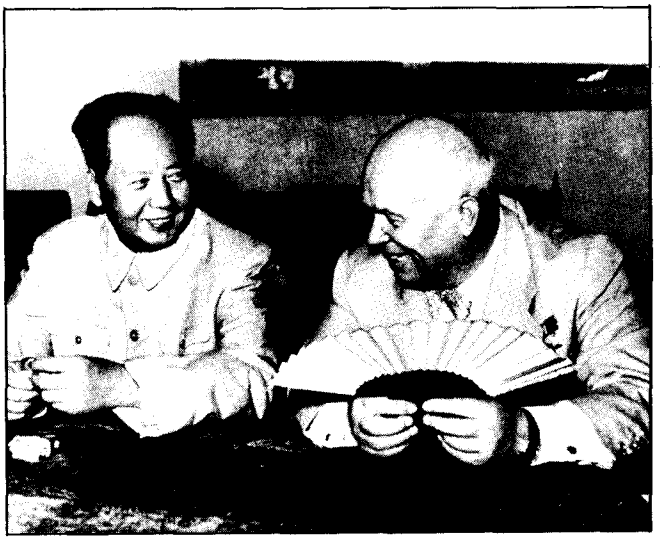
Mao Tse-tung, Nikilai A. Bulganin, Joseph Stalin, 1949



Mao Tse-tung, Nikita S. Khrushchev, 1958

Such a view would hardly be suitable if Russia became China's primary preoccupation.

If Mao and Chou, who personalize a third current, rejected by 1965 any serious hope for an alternative international communist party system, they hardly had the same passive attitude towards international relations as the position publicly associated with Lin.

Even before the Cultural Revolution, Mao was speaking as he had in the 1940s of a dynamic, flexible play of great power forces in which China should be intimately engaged. No bloc strategy or international party system seems crucial to his position. Unlike Lenin, Mao has never written a single theoretical essay analyzing revolutionary struggles in other countries.

Indeed, with his highly developed sense of national sovereignty, the role of the nation, and the volatility of power, Mao spoke of international united fronts around certain specific issues. It was imperative for China to understand and capitalize on all the fundamental international contradictions as the basis for any policy. As Mao told a rather startled delegation of French parliamentarians in February 1965: "France itself, Germany, Italy, Great Britain—provided the latter stops being the courtier of the U.S.—Japan, and we ourselves: there you have the third world."

Such comments were remarkably out of place in the Peking of 1965. At the very time Peking was officially proclaiming that the principal contradiction in the world was "between the revolutionary peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America and the imperialists headed by the United States," Mao was telling Edgar Snow that he was not convinced that this was the case at all.

Yet in 1965, China *was* isolated. Peking could not easily maneuver among the great powers. Opposed by both Moscow and Washington, denied its seat in the United Nations, China's relations were limited to a handful of small nations—and Gaullist France. And it was Mao, not Liu or Lin, who met with the various French delegations.

Nonetheless, over the issue of Vietnam, Lin's position became the official one. It was a useful complement to Mao's decision to launch the Cultural Revolution. For it stressed both the theme of self-reliance for revolutionary movements and China's independence.

In the debate over Vietnam, Mao clearly rejected any conception of "joint action" with the Russians to aid Vietnam. One Korea had been enough. China, not Russia, he feared, would again bear the brunt of any offensive the U.S. launched beyond Vietnam. And Mao hardly trusted the Russians.

Far more important, perhaps, is the fact that the Cultural Revolution could not have been undertaken if the People's Liberation Army, ideologically trained and led by Lin Piao, had been fully preoccupied with Vietnam. With the army engaged, no thorough attack on the Chinese Communist Party would have been conceivable. Without the army as an organizational backstop, the struggle against the "capitalist roaders" would have been aborted.

What both Lin and Mao agreed upon was crucial. The domestic revolution would be salvaged through the Cultural Revolution at the expense of what many Party officials felt were China's international fraternal obligations to Vietnam. Many Party officials purged in the early days of the Cultural Revolution were believed to have favored "joint action" and patching up relations with the Russians. Many of them were the very architects of China's much-proclaimed "internationalism" in the early 1960s—the Party bureaucrats who promoted and guided the creation of an alternate international communist party system. Not for the first time were the "internationalists" to be purged in a revolution as it turned to the priorities "socialism in one country." Only this time, many of the internationalists were also the organizational men opposed to a revival of the domestic revolution.

The Cultural Revolution constituted a full-scale attack on individuals whose mentality made them respect the Soviet economic model and pattern of development. But it was not a period in which a new foreign policy was initiated. Mao had apparently concluded that Vietnam had set into play a series of forces that would take several years to work themselves out. China thus had a breathing space for its own domestic transformation.

During the Cultural Revolution, foreign policy (its excesses are currently blamed entirely on "ultra-leftists")

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was intensely ideological. The notion of international class civil war, the oppressed versus the oppressors (to the virtual exclusion of concern for the divisions and struggles among nations) were dominant themes.

Each "revolutionary struggle" was to be viewed as radically independent linked only through a "common" ideology. The unremitting emphasis on Mao Tse-tung thought almost seemed to replace any concern for organizational links with small communist parties.

IN 1969 WITH LIN PIAO'S REPORT TO THE 9th Party Congress, cultural revolution "diplomacy" was brought to an end and the outline for China's more "normal" diplomacy set forth.

Yet Lin's speech was an unusual document. For the first time in the history of the Chinese Communist movement, no principal contradiction or main enemy was identified. Now there were two—U.S. Imperialism and Soviet Revisionism, "Let us unite and form the broadest possible united front and overthrow our *common enemies!*" China, Lin concluded, "has drawn a clear line between herself on the one hand and U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism on the other." It is only to China's honor that they are always trying to isolate her.

Whereas Mao had long sought to rally all force—domestic and foreign—against the principal enemy, Lin refused to compromise with either the Russians or the Americans. Where Mao, contrary to the wishes of large segments of the Chinese Communist Party, had always opted for a united front against the greater threat and compromise with the lesser one (the united front with Chiang, the cooperation with rich peasants and landlords during the war of resistance against Japan), Lin pictured China heroically holding off all external enemies with equal vigor. China would stand firm, independent, and alone, a bastion of uncompromising resistance to all imperialist and revisionist forces.

Lin continued to stress the struggles of the oppressed as opposed to great power diplomacy. And through the summer of 1971, certain key themes were closely connected: the reaffirmation of the principles of the great polemics of the Soviet Union; the emphasis on the Third World ("Asia, Africa, and Latin America are the main regions of the storm of world revolution in the present era"); continued public support for innumerable insurgent movements even in neutral nations (Burma); a reaffirmation as late as May 1971 in "the revolutionary path of encircling cities from the countryside and seizing political power through armed struggle."

There need be no compromises with U.S. imperialism for Lin. If the U.S. had been weakened in Vietnam, it should be pushed, and pushed hard. When his associate, Chief of Staff Huang Yung-sheng (now purged along with Lin), stated in August 1971 the non-negotiable demand for the immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops not only from Taiwan but from the whole of Asia, Chou En-lai countered that such withdrawal required an extended diplomatic effort.

Lin apparently would accept encirclement rather than seek international compromise. Mao and Chou chose to promote an international system that would allow China to break the hostile ring. That meant for Mao and Chou a bold attempt to achieve greater security by establishing a global balance of power. No longer was the attempt to create friendship among small Asian countries sufficient, not with the rapid expansion of Soviet military power and, to a lesser extent, Japanese economic might. Only the U.S. could provide a counterweight, and Washington held the key to Taiwan and international recognition.

Mao probably had this possibility in mind even as the Cultural Revolution reached its climax. In opposition to the prevailing public view, Mao noted that the U.S. was not primarily an Asian power—its interests were more European oriented.

As the Cultural Revolution ended, the Chinese linked their description of the "severest economic crisis in 40 years" in the Western world, and the growth of Japanese and European capitalism, to the declining significance of America's presence on the Asian mainland for U.S. global strategy.

THOUGH LITTLE NOTICED AT THE TIME in America, the election of Richard Nixon in 1968 brought a signal from Peking. The Chinese government that November offered to re-open talks with the U.S. and work towards a treaty of peaceful coexistence. Both in November and when the Chinese took the unusual step of reprinting Nixon's inaugural address in their major theoretical journal, the Chinese stressed that America's forward thrust into Asia had been blunted, that Nixon's election symbolized the decision to emphasize "priority areas, namely Europe and other areas"—not including Asia.

While the two policy currents concurred on the decline in U.S. strength, negotiations with the U.S. were quite a different matter. Mao's clear preference was given in his own remarkable style. On October 1, 1970 he was photographed on Tien An Men with Edgar Snow—and the picture was featured on the front page of the *People's Daily* as Mao's official birthday portrait in December. This was totally unprecedented. The implication was clear.

Escalation of the war in Indochina precluded any serious effort to negotiate. Initial feelers were destroyed by the American invasion of Cambodia. But the invasion of Laos, viewed as a decisive defeat for the Americans, set the stage for China's current diplomatic effort. Ping Pong diplomacy, as Kuo Mo-jo explained at a French embassy reception in Peking in April, was the first step in a "great diplomatic offensive." It also apparently set the stage for the purge of Lin.

In August and September of 1971, articles signaling a purge appeared in the Chinese press criticizing those "leftists" who maintained that "all enemies are the same." How could one identify the principal enemy with such a position? In a typically indirect manner, one article made the point through an analysis of Mao's 1940 essay "on Policy." The "Communist Party opposes all imperialism but we distinguished between Japanese imperialism, which was committing aggression against China and the imperialist powers which were not doing so, and we also made distinctions between the various imperialist countries which adopted different policies under different circumstances and at different times."

Nothing was more crucial, it concluded, than to form a

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"united front" against the main enemy. Was not the U.S. in 1940 an enemy of Japan and therefore, though still imperialist, also a part of the united front?

The Chinese do not yet state in their theoretical publications that Russia is the main enemy. But for the first time, U.S. imperialism is not so identified. And while U.S. imperialism (one of the "superpowers") is viewed as the common enemy of China and all oppressed people, Chinese officials are quite openly telling visiting journalists that Russia is nearer geographically and a more imminent threat (*Le Monde*, February 6–7, 1972). Popular criticisms of the Soviet Union are widespread, specific, and scathing. And the continued building of bomb shelters in China is not for American planes.

Mao reportedly declared at the 9th Party Congress that Russia was the main enemy. "They think," said Prince Sihanouk referring to Chinese leaders, "that Russia is China's biggest problem."

From almost every angle of Chinese policy, the Russian preoccupation is evident. In the light of the invasion of Czechoslovakia, Peking even patched up its long standing feud with Yugoslavia and invited its foreign minister to Peking. There he was applauded for "waging resolute struggle against the interference, subversion and threat of aggression by the superpowers." Peking simply does not much care what type of governments rule in Eastern Europe—if they struggle for independence from Moscow.

The Chinese denounced the agreement on Berlin for "selling out the sovereignty of the German Democratic Republic." And as Chou told a French delegation in January, an East-West détente in Europe will allow "the Soviet troops to come on to the northern frontier of China. This disturbs us. Are not the million men already present on our northern frontier sufficient?"

The Chinese do not point to this Russian threat to explain the decision to invite Nixon. They prefer a blander reference to Mao's essay *On The Chungking Negotiations*. "They might work, they might lead to nothing. We have aways been willing to negotiate, and we have nothing to lose if they fail"—such was the essence of the public position. Of course, China has *not* always been willing to negotiate with Washington. It even opposed Hanoi's doing so for several years. But today the Chinese could respond so favorably to Nixon and Kissinger's new concept of "multipolarity" because it allowed China for the first time to become an independent, internationally active diplomatic power. China would enter the U.N., gain invaluable concessions on Taiwan, and become a full participant in the global strategic triangle.

"No country," Kissinger argued in late 1968, "can act wisely simultaneously in every part of the globe at every moment in time. A more pluralistic world—especially in relationship with friends—is profoundly in our long-term interest. *Political multipolarity*, while difficult to get used to, is the precondition for a new period of creativity." To Nixon and Kissinger, "multi polarity" marks the end of an era of American conventional military globalism and vast overseas military forces. The U.S. may not dominate the world as it used to, but Kissinger sees the U.S. as the juggler around whom the global balancing act takes place. The Chinese, on the other hand, stress the economic multipolarity in the capitalist world which they believe is working against Washington. Japanese economic growth and the Common Market are viewed as increasingly independent of U.S. control.

Just how far are the United States and the People's Republic prepared to go? Both countries want leverage on Japan. But Washington hardly wants relations with China to mark (in the warning of the Japanese Ambassador to the United States) "the beginning of a process of unraveling our mutual security in the Far East." Rather, the U.S. is using a wide range of political and economic pressures—restrictions on the Okinawa reversion agreement, pressure for an open door to the Japanese economy, pressure to buy more arms from U.S. defense manufacturers—to make Japan a military Asian partner and a global economic junior fellow. And China provides the U.S. with extra leverage and options.

China has already obtained one of its major objectives from the new policy—a new Japanese statement on Taiwan. With the U.S. willing to compromise on Taiwan, China was hardly enthusiastic about Japan's rapidly increasing economic and even military commitment to the island.

Almost immediately after the communique was released in Shanghai, Premier Sato laid the ground for a possible reversal of Japanese official policy. Taiwan's status was no longer viewed as "undecided"—long Japan's official position. Given its entrance into the U.N. as the one China (which Japan opposed), Sato declared, "We can say that Taiwan is part of the People's Republic of China. It is a natural assertion that the Chinese mainland and Taiwan are inseparable, and it is not a question a third country argues." Sato even suggested that the treaty commitments to the Nationalist Government, since they were "based" on its position as *the* government of China, were not valid.

A breakthrough on Taiwan, however, leaves the long-term problem of Japan. "Economic expansionism is bound to bring military expansion," Chou told James Reston. That economic expansion he predicted is also the most likely factor which will lead to an ultimate breakdown of the Japanese-American military relationship. Chou expressed little confidence in the Japanese left. Far more reliance was placed on the U.S. providing some balance in the next decade.

Though trade remains a lever over both Tokyo and Washington, it remains only marginally significant at present. If Japan continues to make concessions on Taiwan, China may well begin a major diplomatic move (especially with Sato's retirement) to forestall Moscow-Tokyo ties from becoming too strong. Peking is well aware of the plans of such leading industrialists as Shigeo Nagano, head of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, who suggests: "The 1970s can be said to be an era of Japanese-Soviet economic cooperation with the development of Siberia as its core."

More than simple strategic reasons, however, may ultimately be involved in China's new relationship with the United States. If Andre Malraux's comments about extensive U.S. aid to China seem an unlikely prospect in the short term, they should not be ruled out indefinitely as impossible. Throughout the 1960s the Chinese vehemently

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denounced the very idea of aid from capitalist nations, but during a previous period of "negotiations" (Bandung 1950s), they had spoken differently. Chou En-lai told the First National People's Congress in 1956: "We have no objection to economic aid by Western countries to economically underdeveloped countries. . . . If the Western countries would also enter into economic co-operation with other countries in conformity with the principles which we abide by, it will have a very beneficial influence not only on the economic development of all the countries concerned, but also on the improvement of the international situation."

Long one of this century s most imaginative, iconoclastic and unpredictable thinkers, Mao may try for yet another striking attempt to break the hold of China's immense underdevelopment. China could certainly use capital. And Mao may not choose to fall farther and farther behind the advanced capitalist world. Industrialization in China has begun; educational and organizational potential for a rapid, relatively humane advance now exists. Twenty years of Mao's leadership and the Cultural Revolution, for all their immense problems, have accomplished this. Probably, only Mao could make the decision for external capital—as only he could make the decision to invite Nixon. Such a decision may completely upset innumerable conceptions of self-reliance. But it is not completely incompatible with long-standing Chinese insistence that what is important in aid is the control over its use. And on that, there will be no compromise.

In the interview with Edgar Snow (now being circulated among lower level Chinese cadre) in which he invited Nixon, Mao indicated how far he was preparing to go. Snow summarized the Chairman (his summaries are semi-official) as stating: "China should learn from the way America developed. . . . If the Soviet Union wouldn't do (to point the way), then he would place his hopes on the American people. The United States alone had a population of more than 200 million. Industrial production was already higher than in any other country and education was universal." Not since 1944 and 1945 had Mao spoken so favorably of America's internal vitality, its decentralization, its wealth and educational advantages. Far more than is yet public may underlie Mao's objectives in the American-Chinese relationship.

The Chinese view the world as more politically decentralized than before. "Countries want independence, nations want liberation, and the people want revolution." Thus the traditional concept of spheres of influence will find ever greater resistance. And with more centers of power, national elites will have more maneuverability. A highly fluid international system is the likely consequence—not fixed alliances among small and medium-sized countries so much as united fronts on specific issues. For this policy the United Nations provides an excellent vehicle.

This is hardly a "united front from below" policy. Nor is it a prescription for world revolution. It is the framework for great power diplomacy. Support for revolution will have precious little place except in anti-colonialist struggles such as in Angola and Rhodesia and in a few areas with a major foreign military presence.

The '70s are to be an era of negotiations. "Affairs in the world require consultation," wrote Mao in his 1972 New Years Editorial. "International affairs *must* be settled by all concerned through consultation." Such a categorical statement, unparalleled in Mao's other writings, symbolizes the radical shift and the clear direction in China's policy.

It heralds a new, more conservative international role. Various developments in the last year together suggest a rather clear preview of it. In Ceylon, Pakistan, and the Sudan, for example, the Chinese publicly and strongly backed the armed suppression of Left dissidents by incumbent regimes. In the latter two cases, the Soviet Union was on the other side.

In Pakistan, China supported—morally and with economic and military assistance—the ruthless slaughter of the civil population. Opposition to blatant Indian intervention was paralleled by crass distortion of the conditions which gave rise to the civil war and the genocidal strategy of the West Pakistani military elite. For years prior to Bangla Desh, moreover, China discouraged Leftist opposition to the government.

Basic security interests rather than avowed abstractions about territorial integrity can explain China's policy. Facing a massive Soviet buildup along one border, having already fought India once along another, fearful of interference by both countries in its outlying provinces (Sinkiang Tibet), well aware of India's longstanding desire to dismember Pakistan, the Chinese supported the Pakistani government as one of the few regional counters to an Indian threat. As long as Pakistan remained a viable political entity, neither independent Indian activity nor combined Soviet-Indian policy would pose as serious a danger to China.

Peking also endorsed the ruthless suppression of the insurgency in Ceylon. Chou personally wrote to Mrs. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister, a letter applauding her actions in "overcoming the chaotic situation created by a handful of persons who style themselves 'Guevarists.'" What mattered to Peking was less who ruled Ceylon than who was kept out. The Bandaranaike government had strongly maintained its neutrality before the uprising. When that commitment wavered—as Russian and other international "assistance" arrived and negotiations for a Russian base and a possible defense pact were rumored—Peking supported both the domestic repression and international neutrality. Peking's anti-imperialist stance, however, meant opposition to an insurgent revolutionary movement.

China also supported General Nimeiry of Sudan as he suppressed the Moscow-leaning Communist Party. Nimeiry, leader of the Sudanese Arab majority, who had continued the policy of massacring Sudanese blacks, reached aid agreements with Peking, and various Sudanese officials have traveled the route to China.

China, today, is simply not very concerned about revolutionary leaders. Peking's diplomats are more interested in attending Iran's 2500th anniversary celebration. Or having Mao welcome such staunch defenders of "national independence" as Burma's General Ne Win (a "fascist" during the Cultural Revolution) or Ethiopia's dictator, Emperor Hailie Selassie.

Chinese opposition to Moscow-leaning communist parties will undoubtedly continue. But if an established Party

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manifests independence from Moscow, it will be wooed, even at the expense of the Maoist faithful. In practice, this is indicative of Peking's decision to turn its back on all the little Maoist parties and groups scattered around the world. In China's new foreign policy, these sprigs and splinters—nurtured in the early '60s and inspired by the Cultural Revolution—have no place. They are now "ultra-leftists."

CHINA'S DECISIONS IN REGARD to the Indochina war are undoubtedly the most disturbing immediate expression of its new international policy. The tension between Hanoi and Peking that came out over the Nixon visit suggest what differences must now exist between the two governments. Their divergent interpretations of the Nixon Doctrine only confirm it.

Both China and the DRV agree on the nature of Vietnamization—using Asians to fight Asians, backed up by the constant terrorization of the population through airpower and the use of military and economic aid to ensure numerous collaborators. Both agree the U.S. has been weakened internationally by the struggle in Indochina.

Hanoi however, stresses the other half of the Nixon Doctrine, which Peking would prefer to leave unmentioned. The Nixon Doctrine is "also aimed at achieving a compromise between the big powers in an attempt to impose on smaller countries their arrangements." (*Nhan Dan,* July 19, 1971).

China would prefer also not to get too specific about some of the immediate implications of Nixon's trip to Peking. Hanoi, for its part, described Nixon's predicament as the Pentagon Papers controversy developed. He either had to radically change his policy "or seek the same objectives with more sophisticated ways and means." Nixon chose the latter which meant, in practice, an attempt to "administer large doses of nationalism and chauvinism in an attempt to split the socialist camp." Multi-polarity strives for a "three-legged" international situation—or even better, from Nixon's point of view, a "two versus one" position. All this is but a "ploy to dam up the revolutionary impetus in the world." (*Nhan Dan*). And even more bluntly: "The situation of the Nixon clique was in fact desperate. . . . The whole U.S. and the whole world were shouting aloud: stop the war of aggression in Vietnam and bring all U.S. troops home. In such a fix, Nixon moved heaven and earth for a way out. *But he has gone to the wrong place."*

Differences between Hanoi and Peking on tactics, perception and interests appear in a variety of contexts. As the Chinese condemned the insurgency in Bangla Desh, the Consul General of the DRV reportedly extended his government's support to the "Bangla People in their struggle for freedom against the occupation forces of West Pakistan." As China condemned Indian aggression, Hanoi and New Delhi exchanged full diplomatic recognition. As Hanoi applauded India as "an independent, sovereign country, a great Asian power" with a strong anti-colonialist tradition, Peking was declaring that Russian penetration was turning India into a protectorate. While the Chinese supported General Nimeiry's attack on the Sudanese Communist Party, the Vietnamese maintained that "it is beyond any doubt that the persecution and massacres of the communists and other patriots greatly harm the anti-imperialist struggle of the Sudanese."

Differences even extend to such events as the Angela Davis case. The Vietnamese express strong support. The Chinese remain silent. Peking does not intend to support causes backed by Russian-oriented Communist parties.

In short, the Chinese no longer accept, as Hanoi politburo member Truong Chinh put it, that "the spearhead of the world revolution should be directed at U.S. imperialism, *and nowhere else,"* and that to support the Indochinese people "has become the key question in the world people's struggle against aggressive U.S. imperialism."

If China decided to continue its domestic revolution after 1965 at the expense of its internationalism, and if its current policy aims to obtain national unity and full international acceptance as a great power, the Chinese revolution still remains an enormous challenge to the world.

China's basis of self-confidence has grown. Peking knows that in the past twenty years it has made much greater progress than have other Third World countries. The rigidity of the Soviet model, that made bureaucratization the price of development and the squeezing of the peasantry the cost of industrialization, has been rejected. The paramount importance of the "human factor" in any development policy is strongly affirmed. And despite vast problems, China continues trying to mix cadres with the masses, to involve students and intellectuals in production and the problems of a largely rural, terribly poor society, and to prevent the emergence of a new class isolated from the Chinese pople. In its remarkable experimental society, China remains an inspiration and a hope if not a model, for many in the Third World.

That image will surely be tarnished by China's new foreign policy, which all but writes off the Left in innumerable countries and all but marks the end of any meaningful commitment to an internationalist ideology.

Yet the Chinese might well argue that they must first face problems of building socialism among their own people, that concessions and compromises are an essential part of the contradictory path of their revolution, and that they are still terribly poor in the face of a wealthy and powerful capitalist system. Within the advanced world, the Chinese now suggest, the revolution must come. Until it does, China will continue with its own national goals. None of its troops are overseas. Its aid programs are generous and non-exploitative. What more can it do if not concentrate on the advancement of a quarter of mankind?

Those disappointed with such an answer might question whether the Left in the advanced capitalist world should be looking for solutions among imperialism's victims alone. Part of the tragedy of revolutions in the 20th century has been the intensely nationalistic character they have felt compelled to acquire in order to survive. That will change only when the pressures on them from the capitalist environment are relieved, when radical changes within the capitalist world draw back their overbearing weight.

Jim Peck, a member of the Bay Area Institute, has been working with the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars.

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Deaths I Have Known

by Jose Yglesias

I BEGAN TO REMEMBER SACCO AND VANZETTI soon after I arrived in New York, in 1937, and for the first time unscrambled those syllables that in my childhood I heard in Spanish as one word Saccoyvanzetti. Like *en paz descanse*—may he rest in peace—run together and appended to the names of dead persons whom the speaker had loved. In New York I read Sacco's letter of farewell, with its now famous line *had it not been for these things,* when it appeared as verse in an anthology of modern poetry. There were references to their case in political articles, in literary reviews, in the unlikeliest books. I discovered a play *(Winterset)* which curiously believed that this event, of concern, I had thought until then, only to my family and others living in the backwater of a Latin community in the South, was a proper subject for literature. A revelation. The deaths, then, of Sacco and Vanzetti were an excitement.

I was a busboy in the cafeteria of Hearns Department Store, at 149th Street and Third Avenue in the Bronx, and was pleased, as a sign of independence, to pay special attention, when he dropped in for coffee, to the union organizer of the local with which the store had been forced to sign a closed-shop contract. The manager of the cafeteria watched me hover at Nick's table but did not dare suggest, as he was quick to do at other times, some new activity for me. Nick was in his mid-twenties and was born in New York of Italian parents. There was a bond between us that was more felt than expressed: each was the only person the other knew who was socially conscious (as we then used to say when we meant leftwing) and not Jewish.

"The old man took me to Union Square the night they were executed," he reminisced one day. "There were so many people, I held his hand. I was scared I'd get lost. Thousands and thousands, and very quiet. That was scary too."

"What happened?" I asked and again rubbed the table with the damp cloth I carried, to look as if I were working.

"Nothing. I think they began singing," he replied. "Yeah, sure, I remember my old man singing 'Avanti Popolo.' " He looked beyond me and smiled to himself and then at me. "That night made a lot of people socially conscious."

That night in Florida I had been out on the street playing, with the total abandon that seven-year-olds can summon at will, and came inside, after being called several times, sweaty and exhausted. There were mostly women there—my mother, aunts, cousins—and I slumped over the round dining table. Each time I sneaked a hand toward the bowl of wax fruit one of them warned my mother, and I never got my nails into the banana or the two apples or the bunch of grapes. I looked up when my cousin Pancho came in; he was a grown man and always full of interesting talk.

He was strangely flushed, as if he too had been playing, and he opened his eyes very wide when he announced, "They executed them!"

His wife said, "Dead?"

He lifted a hand impatiently. "Executed!" he repeated angrily.

"Barbarians!" my aunt said.

"Murderers!" my mother said.

Pancho sat down and moved his head up and down and looked at no one.

"Dead," his wife said again.

I had never seen them as quiet as this. "Who?" I asked. "Rudolph Valentino?"

After a while my mother answered, "Saccoyvanzetti en-pazdescanse."

* * *

I DO NOT WANT TO LOOK UP THE EXACT date but it was in June of 1953, about four in the afternoon, when my wife called me at the office to say that Ethel and Julius Rosenberg might die that day. For two years I had worked in the international division of a large cor-

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poration, having come to the job from a Communist publication that had been forced to reduce its staff drastically during the cold war. This last was not known by the company, and for those two years, and several to come, I feared each time my secretary informed me that the vice president wanted to see me that I had been found out.

My wife did not speak openly. To this day we believe there is a third person on the phone: an enemy. She said, "It looks very bad for Ethel and Julius. I want to come down and be with you and go somewhere."

"Where?"

"I'm not sure," she said hesitantly. Then chanced it, "Union Square."

"But the appeal . . ." I stopped. "Shall I meet you there?"

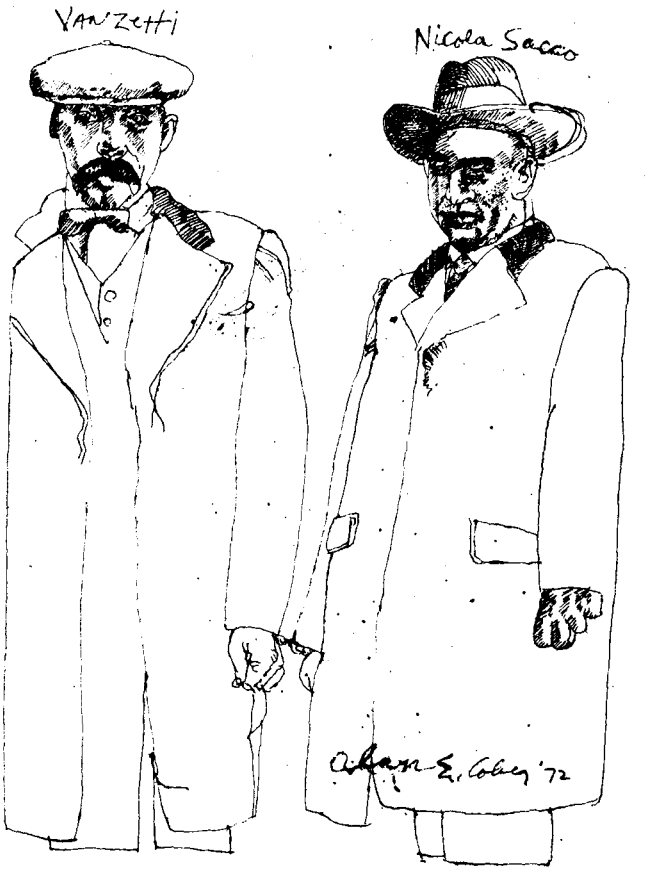
"No, I'll wait downstairs at your office. I'm leaving the kids with friends."

She wore a light summer dress, a white print with tiny deep blue flowers, belted with a thin cotton cord the same color as the flowers. The first time she wore it I told her I wanted to see her run through a field of daisies with it on. We took the Sixth Avenue subway to 14th Street and walked east to Union Square. It was Friday afternoon and the crowds were either rushing to catch commuter trains or to do their weekend shopping.

The justices of the Supreme Court had been brought back to Washington from similar exoduses in order to cancel the stay of execution that one of them, Douglas, had granted on an appeal by new lawyers who had entered the case. The Rosenbergs were Jews, and the Jewish sabbath begins at sundown Friday. Christian executioners are respectful of their victims' sabbath, and it was likely, my wife told me, that Ethel and Julius, who had now spent two years in the Death House at Sing Sing, would be electrocuted by the time that all the hurrying people about us reached home and started their blessed weekends.

None hurried to Union Square with our purpose. Or almost none. At the corner of 14th and University Place we saw the first familiar faces. Two elderly Jewish women from Washington Heights. Implacably political, assiduous at fundraising, petitions, the distribution of tracts and newspapers, and present at every demonstration, such women (these were but two known to us) were, first and last, Jewish *bubas*. They were most dearly so: even their political exhortations began, "Darling." We called them The Emma Lazarus, because in our neighborhood most belonged to the Emma Lazarus Branch of the International Workers Order, a fraternal organization that dispensed to its members medical and death benefits and political propaganda in line with the Communist Party's. My wife kept the accounts for several of its branches in Washington Heights, and at a business meeting in our apartment, attended by delegates from each group, a man representing one composed of Jewish men kept referring to an old lady, in angry disagreement with her recommendations, as The Emma Lazarus. He was not being ironical, but to us the epithet perfectly combined our affection and exasperation.

When they saw us that afternoon, The Emma Lazarus checked the approving smiles of greeting that they always flashed us at meetings and demonstrations—to them we were The Youth—and remembering the occasion, they



simply nodded and walked north alongside the Square. We followed them. They were bound to know where the meeting for the Rosenbergs—the most important of all, we told ourselves, for we still believed in miracles, in last-minute reprieves, commutations, pardons—was being held; in those days, so few people showed up that public meetings were almost invisible.

For this one there had been no announcements—there could not have been time—and the committee that for some three years had been publicizing the case must be counting solely on the reduced, frightened membership of the Communist Party. There were no thousands in Union Square, no chanting, no singing, no banners. The Emma Lazarus turned into 16th Street, west of the square, and when we caught up, we saw that the meeting was being held in that side street. Wooden horses blocked it off, and there were so many police, so many cameramen and photographers obviously not from the press, that to turn into that street, through the narrow opening that the wooden horses afforded, was like turning oneself in. The effort it took numbed me for a while.

I came to while hearing one of the speakers, irked that he was not eloquent. He recited the facts, the injustices and ironies, all the things we knew: that anyone of us facing that rickety platform might have been selected in their place to prove to our fellow citizens that Communists are traitors. There appeared to be no one of the two or three thousand there that I did not know at least by sight, but

Illustrations by Alan Cober

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only the closest friends could unlock themselves from the depression that held them to nod or to walk over and stand one moment silent, awkwardly by our side. All of us knew that there was an open wire from Sing Sing to the White House; Ethel and Julius had only to say they were guilty and the President would stop the execution.

And there we were, unaccustomed to any role in a tragedy, restive about our inadequacy for a moment like this. We were disarmed by the one solid fact we had grasped during the previous three years and could now admit to ourselves—that no one in our country cared, not about the political prophesies we made nor about our persons. "Oh, please save them," said an old woman near us, and sat on the curb and held her head in one hand.

A young novelist who for two years had stopped writing to devote himself to the committee defending the Rosenbergs appeared on the platform, and the mike was given to him. He announced, "Friends, Ethel and Julius are in the execution chamber," and his voice broke. We were not as one in that audience. The significance of what he said reached us separately; I could hear in the scattered shrieks that broke out how unevenly the knowledge spread. I thought: this strength that leaves us goes to them. A band tightened about my head; pain irradiated from it like tongues of fire. I reached up, believing there was something there I could move with my hands, and heard a long, thin wail, so close that my body shook. "What's the matter!" my wife called, and I realized that the sound came from me.

About us were scenes of private mourning. Women lay on the curb because they could not both stand and cry. Groups of threes and fours held their arms about one another. Some men stood strangely apart, making small darting movements, and looked about them for instructions that did not come. What is to be done? This was the way they went to the furnaces, without songs. The young novelist was saying that they had killed Ethel and Julius but had not broken them, and that they learned that they dare not do it again.

Truncheons in hand, the cops moved into the middle of the street while the young novelist still spoke. "Okay, break it up," they said in the fake hard voice that they were taught at the Police Academy to use in an irksome situation. "The meeting's over."

The mike on the platform went dead. One cop passed by me, repeating the instructions to move on, and I was so ashamed that he had seen the tears on my face that I turned away from him to leave the block in the opposite direction from which we had entered it. At the end of the long cavern of that street reaching to the Hudson River hung the sun, a huge bloody orange ball that, I knew from my childhood on the Gulf of Mexico, was most radiant during the minute before it disappeared from sight. Ahead of us walked The Emma Lazarus.

* * *

ON MY WAY DOWN TO ATLANTA, in 1968, I made a note to ask Martin Luther King if he still believed that unearned suffering is redemptive. Hardly the kind of question that an experienced journalist would ask on an assignment, such as mine, to write an article about the forthcoming Poor People's Campaign. I never asked it. Not because I acquired a more purposeful professional finish during the week I spent down there, but because the question always seemed too embarrassingly inappropriate to ask.

The last time King and I were together was at the Atlanta airport, having just returned on a private plane from two days in Mississippi and Alabama, and both of us were looking for a public phone not in use. He had no time to get home before taking a commercial flight to Cleveland, and his secretary had met him with a folder filled with correspondence, messages, questions. First, he wanted to call his wife, and we hurried up and down the corridors of the terminal, he unaware of those white persons who suddenly stiffened, widened their eyes and then made a determined effort not to be interested in the famous black man. We wasted ten minutes this way, until, on the second round, we found a phone in the waiting room of the airline whose flight he was taking. He sat at one of those modern booths without doors or walls, and while he spoke, I took out my small notebook to look up the number of my hotel. There was the question I'd noted down a week earlier. I could ask it now, lightly, almost as a joke, for I knew, from the plans for the Poor People's Campaign, that any suffering that would come to him and his followers would not, thank God, be unearned.

A thin, neat, erect middle-aged Negro in the uniform of a naval chief petty officer said to me, "That's him, right?" and waited quietly for King to finish. I had seen the effect

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of King's presence on other blacks: the rush to his side, the collective intakes of breath, the murmurs building to stamping cheers and applause. This man simply lighted a cigarette to relieve his excitement.

"Dr. King, sir," he said, and extended his hand and gave his name.

King took it and said, "I'm pleased to meet you."

"It's luck, sir," he replied. "I'm in the Navy twenty-five years and I'm in personnel now traveling back and forth. . . ."

King listened as one might on a street corner to an old friend; he gave no indication that he had other things to do. He inclined his head a little to encourage him. "All over the country then. That must be interesting."

"Yes, and I want to congratulate you on your management and efficiency," he continued, struggling with the words and bringing them forth like general issue material, proud and also aware, which was why he paused so frequently, that they did not shine as they had done under other circumstances. "And your leadership, sir. In the last couple of years I have seen the improvement and betterment because of your management."

An ironic ending to a two-day trip, the first to organize the Poor People's Campaign, in which King had repeated again and again, to poor black audiences who knew it as well as he, that the Civil Rights actions had not improved the conditions of Negroes. Indeed, they were worse. I could have laughed, and I know so could he: he was a man who relished the comedy in all human arrangements. But he listened encouragingly, then nodded as if accepting the compliment while rejecting the substance, and said, "There is still a lot to do for poor people, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes sir," the Navy man replied.

His agreeableness came from pride in being in King's presence. He reminded me of the black woman who for some ten years cleaned our apartment in New York. Grace was proud to be working for people like us, proud that I considered it an honor to meet Martin Luther King and took time, when I returned, to tell her about the experience. But she had always found many excuses not to sit down with us for lunch or dinner, and when she consented years earlier to call us by our first names, she prefixed them with Miss and Mister. I told her about the Poor People's Campaign, and she murmured several times, "God bless him, God bless him."

I left out of my account the young black nationalists who appeared on the fringes of the audiences in Mississippi and Alabama. They would have shocked her. She was a church-going woman and she wore a wig not the Afro by which you could distinguish the nationalists in those days. In Selma, outside the church where King had just finished speaking, a young moviemaker filming the campaign for educational television took a position with his camera, where he might best catch King when he emerged, that was quite close to one of the black nationalists.

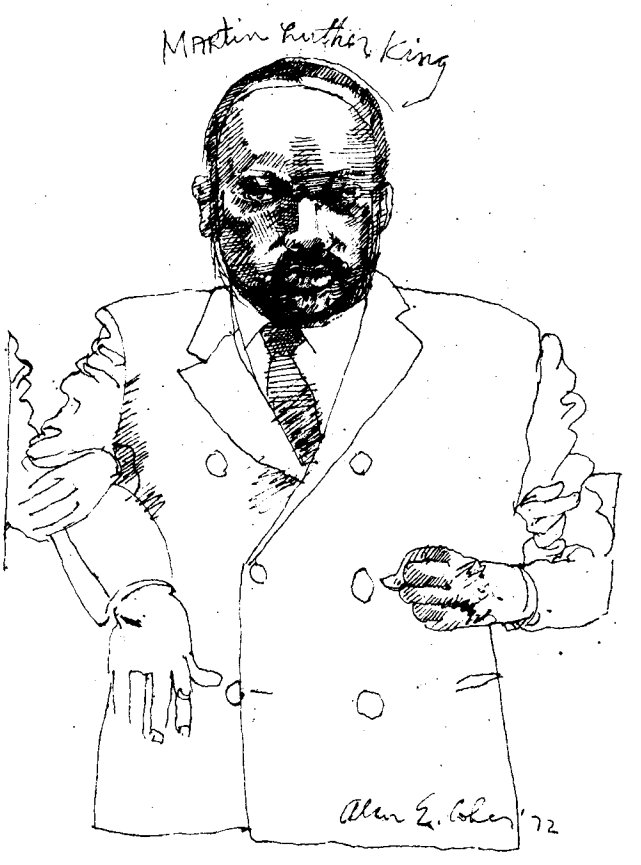
"Keep away, white honky," the black said.

"I'm sorry," the cameraman said. "I'm with Dr. King's group, you know."

"I don't care who you with, honky. Just don't come near me with that."

Some six weeks later, my article on King was published, and so the first friend to hear, three days later, that King had been shot in Memphis called me. "He's going to die," I said, and got a vision of him laughing, his whole body shaking with pleasure. I called to Grace, who was working at the other end of the apartment, and told her what I had heard. Her eyes widened, and her only reply was, "Oh." In a few minutes she was in her street clothes and in a hurry to leave. She did not ask me if the radio I had immediately turned on had further news.

At noon the next day you had only to approach Central Park West to see people heading for the memorial meeting. There was a huge crowd in the center of the park when we arrived, and at first I could not make out the speeches because the loudspeakers did not carry sufficiently well. A liberal publisher whose list was exemplarily composed of



left-wing and radical academicians came up and said with a long-suffering sigh, "Isn't this something?"

"Yeah," I replied, not quite knowing to what I was assenting. There was a confusion of voices coming over the speakers.

The publisher shook his head. "Disgraceful."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"*They* have taken over the meeting!"

In a moment it became clear to me. A young black at the mike told the whites in the audience that they were welcome to leave. "You go on over to Fifth Avenue—this place is ours." The publisher left in disgust. Again there was an argument on the platform, and the blacks who had taken over the mike allowed Dr. Spock to speak. He paid

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tribute to King's work for peace and said nothing about what was happening at the meeting. He was the only white person to speak.

He was followed by a black woman whose name I did not know. But her voice—that voice, deep, full, always on pitch, is embedded in the psyche of American white males: wise, tolerant, joshing, the Negro mammy of myth who soothes like a warm bath; also mellow, sad-happy, flirtatious, promising and never withholding fulfillment, committed to her man like Ethel Waters. Over the mike she repeated a new refrain, stressing the vowels like a blues note, "He was the la-a-a-ast of the good niggers! He was the last of the goo-o-o-od niggers!"

She was so right that she thrilled and hurt one. So right that I tried to forget that King was never a good nigger, that during the last six months of his life he was a dangerous one. I knew what she meant, however, and I stayed. If he was to be mourned, it must be in *their* way. No redemption for King.

* * *

In my address book there is the name and address and telephone number of a man in Brazil who no longer exists. Almost a year ago two men came to his home and asked him to accompany them to headquarters for some routine questions. They were from the secret police. I try to remember the beautiful street outside the low stucco wall surrounding his house as I saw it a year earlier. The homes all pastel colors; deep green tropical shrubbery spilling over the fences to the sidewalk. At the end of the street the glittering sand and blue-green water of the beach that runs forever down the Atlantic coast of Brazil. A fashionable area: it must have seemed the right place for the radical students to desecrate when Governor Rockefeller visited, and they had written in red paint on the tall gate across from his home, "Rocky—Go Home!" It pleased him.

I said to him the first evening I spent in his home, "The young people say there is no political solution. Only guerrilla warfare will bring the generals down."

"That's madness!" he exclaimed, but his face did not become stern. Instead, he laughed and held both arms down along the back of the sofa where he sat, to anchor his loose body.

He was forty or one or two years older, and he was not vain. He was not contemplating sideburns nor flared pants and fitted shirts. He wore nondescript suits, the jackets usually thrown on some nearby chair, his sleeves rolled up and his collar open. At his office and at his home where every evening upper middle class intellectuals and professionals dropped by beautifully turned out, this was the way he looked. He probably took his jacket with him when the secret police drove him away but not a tie.

There is only one other person in the United States to mourn him. She called me when a month had gone by and the government had informed his wife that they knew nothing about him—they denied having detained or arrested him.

"But what for?" I asked.

"Ah," my friend said, and not trusting the phone added, "I'll tell you another time."

When I hung up, I tried to recall what, other than that exclamation the first night, he had revealed to me of his political philosophy. I remembered his funny anecdotes about the generals in power, his explanation of news events, the many introductions he gave me to friends, the people he had in to see me. But nothing about what he was doing, nor anything that I could call his political program. I now know that he had arranged for members of the underground groups who had kidnapped ambassadors and consular officials to go into hiding or to cross the frontier when hiding was not feasible. And one incautious moment in these persons' actions brought the secret police to his home. He fooled me. And also the young man who was my contact with the underground guerrillas—"Our progressive bourgeoisie," he said disdainfully about the people I met at his home. "Do you expect anything from them?"

My class prejudices are so strong that although I liked this now vanished man I took for granted that the young man characterized him correctly. I could even ignore my final exchange with him. I had said once that one person I'd like to see was Carlos Marighela, the most famous of the urban guerrilla leaders, and he had made only the obvious comment that Marighela operated in São Paulo. Toward the end of my stay he went to São Paulo on business, and he was still there when I called on my last night to say goodbye. He hadn't returned, the maid informed me, but at midnight my phone rang and it was he.

"What a pity you leave tomorrow," he said. "I spoke to your friend in São Paulo and he would be delighted to see you."

"What!" I exclaimed, and he laughed as if he had told one of his anecdotes and I of course thought he was fooling.

At the hotel desk in the morning, when checking out, I was given two packages and an envelope with letters. He had dropped them by and asked me, in a note, to deliver them to friends in Chile. In the article I wrote on Brazil, I let stand, with approval, the young man's opinion of the "left liberals" and this of course included him. He and his friends appeared disguised in the article, but he would have recognized himself. He must have laughed in his good-humored way when he read it, for he sent back a one-word comment in Spanish—*genial,* which is much stronger, more approving than in English.

The tortures the secret police administer during interrogations all have popular names. I forget them now. A mild one involves two suction cups simultaneously clapped on one's ears. More strenuous is the use of a horizontal pole on which victims are tied so as to appear to be crouching on them, the pole is twirled and one sits up on it or hangs down from it. There is electric shock to the genitals. When the victim does not talk, the police have been known to overextend themselves and be left with a mute corpse to dispose of. In the days when the authorities were interested only in decimating the opposition, some victims were simply dropped into the sea from a plane. Now the government has a more exacting task: it does not want to create martyrs but stool pigeons.

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The friends of those men who fall into their hands have the task of retrieving them from the battlefield to give them proper burial. This cannot be done in his case. His family still hopes he will be returned to them. Possibly because they are unaware of his superb guilt. Nor can those who know raise a monument to his name. Say then that he is an anonymous member of the middle class inhabiting fashionable neighborhoods like Flamengo or Copacabana or Ipanema or Leblon that can also produce heroes.

* * * *

AND THEN THERE IS GEORGE JACKSON. There is no mourning him. Reformers in California who thought that jailed men are criminals managed to pass a law that would make, they believed, the incarceration of these men a period of preparation for a return to the normal life of society. An offender could thus be given a life sentence that would simply be *pro forma*: it would end as soon as he was ready. This is what happened to George Jackson at the age of eighteen when he stole $70 from a gasoline station. *Our* authorities expected that his stay with them, if he had any sense at all, would be a course of therapy by means of which he would learn to adjust, a verb which, owing to the need for self-delusion in our time, seldom makes an appearance now in the transitive form, for to give it an object can lead to skepticism.

With Jackson the experiment did not work. He learned that jail is the normal life of our society. Stripped of all the illusory freedoms: mobility totally circumscribed; the color of your skin a crime you commit each time a white man sees you; power the only authority of the rulers. Jackson saw this with exceptional clarity. Or so I thought until last winter when my wife and I spent three hours in jail talking to a class sponsored by a local college, and discovered that everyone of the twelve young men there, all black except one, carried the skeleton key to our world. One of them said that everyone knows the score—the street people outside too. The problem is hope—to acquire the belief that you can change things.

As an aside, lightly, Jackson says in one of his last letters, "I have ideas, ten years' worth of them," as if there were other things that accounted for his survival. Survival? He more than survived, though survival is also a battle won. He survived a childhood in the ghetto, the thousand humiliations, the excrement and urine that the white inmates flung into his cell, the solitary confinements. And he imposed himself. Five years ago he wrote to his mother:

> *I have a plan, I will give, and give, and give of myself until it proves our making or my end. The men of our group have developed as a result of living under a ruthless system a set of mannerisms that numb the soul. We have been made the floor mat of the world, but the world has yet to see what can be done by men of our nature, by men who have walked the path of disparity, of regression, of abortion, and yet come out whole. There will be a special page in the book of life for the men who have crawled back from the grave. This page will tell of utter defeat, ruin, passivity, and subjection in one breath, and in the next, overwhelming victory and fulfillment.*

I do not know the secret of his strength. I understand better Jean Genet, another genius who bloomed like a perfect rose in our jails: he survived and imposed himself by creating works of art that lay waste every pretty thought we have had and every institution we have raised. And I am instructed by his instinctive response, of which almost none of our artists and intellectuals were capable, to rush to our country as a new Lafayette to help Jackson and his black brothers. I do know that I only take up room in the garden where these dark flowers move toward the sun. I do know that Jackson steals from us the last rationale for surviving as observers.

When my wife and I left the class in jail—after three hours of speaking and responding with the greatest care for honesty that we had ever exercised in our lives—we discovered that simply to walk and look at the world outside was painful. We had excruciating headaches, but as we drove into New York City the distractions mounted and the headache began to go away. Thus it is that I can only be silent about Jackson's death: each time I mean to talk about him to a friend the image of his shackled figure comes to life; he turns toward me and says, "Shut up!"

Jose Yglesias is a journalist whose most recent books are Truth About Them *and* Down There *(World Publishing Company).*

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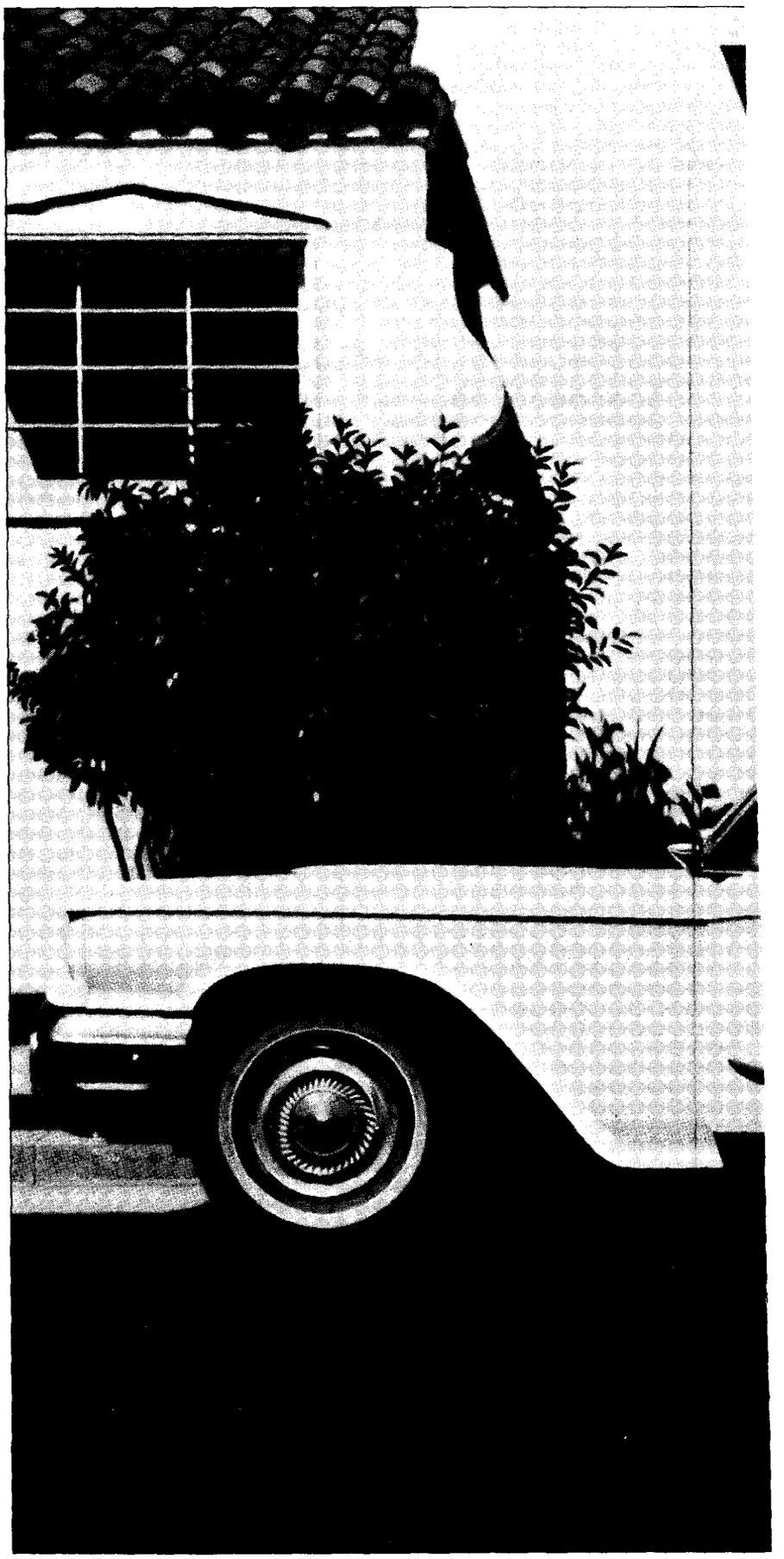

Seattle: The New Poor Face The New Depression

by Jon Stewart

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University Art Museum, Berkeley, " '60 T-Bird" by Robert Bechtle

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YOU CAN STILL GET A TWENTY-FIVE CENT glass of beer in a Seattle tavern, but economically speaking, that's about all you can say for the Queen of the Pacific Northwest. Not that Seattle looks like a city in the throes of depression. Contrary to reports in the *Wall Street Journal* over a year ago, from which one might have gathered that cows were grazing in the streets, Seattle appears at first glance to be a thriving, prospering city. The highways and streets are crowded, downtown sidewalks are bustling with shoppers, hotels and expensive restaurants appear to be doing business as usual, and everywhere one looks the innumerable taverns of Seattle are full from early morning to late evening.

From a twentieth floor hotel room one can gaze out over the cold, gray Puget Sound, plied by the eternal ferries, one of the nation's most active ports. All around the city the noise and activity of heavy construction assaults the senses, as no less than five new high-rises in the downtown district alone climb skyward, as if to get a better view of the silent and majestic Olympic Mountains across the Sound.

The farmers' market near the waterfront—the best open-air urban market in the United States—teems with the hustling and barking of butchers and bakers and vegetable farmers and the hip and not-so-hip craftsmen of leather and jewelry and glass. A few blocks further up-town, in the theatre district, one is struck by the proliferation of porny houses and adult bookstores. The stores all appear to be doing active business, and the pornies are raking in five dollars a head, apparently with no difficulty.

Seattle does not *look* like a city in depression. Spokesmen and promoters for the area's economy will break their backs to sustain the visual impression of prosperity. William Jeske, economic analyst at Pacific Northwest Bell, will tell you, "Seattle is not a depressed area. Eighty-eight percent of the people are earning more and spending more than ever before. For the vast majority of the people, there is no recession." And full-page ads in the *Seattle Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* will tell you much the same, adding that department store sales are up 10 percent, airport traffic is greater than ever, downtown construction of office space exceeds $100 million, port tonnage is making Seattle the "fastest growing port on the West Coast," and attendance at sports events is breaking all records.

What the promoters and the newspapers do not talk about is the fabric of life that proceeds behind the thin and deceptive veneer of prosperity, especially for the 12-plus percent of the population that *does* know that Seattle is in the midst of a full-scale depression that in many ways makes the '30s wane by comparison. Though statistics tend to be rather indigestible indicators of the quality of life, they are in this case more concrete than the walls of the rising forty-two story Bank of California in downtown Seattle:

Fully 12 to 17 percent of the people of Seattle are unemployed. In some areas of the city, such as the Central District, the figure is closer to 35 percent.

Over the past three years, some 67,000 workers at Boeing plants in the Seattle-Everett area were layed off. The majority of them are highly educated and/or skilled workers.

The number of welfare recipients increased between May 1968 and May 1970 by 44 percent.

Manufacturing employment in the Greater Seattle area declined 38.7 percent between 1968 and 1971, falling to the 1956 level.

Business failures more than doubled statewide in the first five months of 1970, compared to the same period of 1969.

FHA home property mortgage foreclosures and deeds "in lieu" rose from 240 in December 1968 to 4033 as of December 1971 (an increase of roughly 1600 percent), and the FHA is preparing for a number as large as 11,000.

Over 40 percent of the state's unemployed exhausted all unemployment benefits, including state and federal extensions, by the third quarter of 1971. Currently up to 9000 unemployed persons per month are exhausting their benefits. It is projected that the unemployment funds will be totally exhausted before December 1972. Close to 36 percent of Seattle's unemployed do not qualify for food stamps.

Some 15,000 to 20,000 persons apply for free food every week at the 37 food banks operated by the church-sponsored Neighbors In Need program. The large majority of these persons are receiving no unemployment compensation or public assistance.

In the first three weeks of the release of surplus commodities by the Department of Agriculture, beginning in January 1972, over 7000 families, representing 24,000 persons, applied for food.

The number of suicides in Seattle (King County) increased by 20 percent from 1968 to 1971. We could go on and on. . . . But such statistics yield a diminishing return. The point is very simple: hundreds of thousands of people in the state of Washington are depressed, confused, frightened, and hungry. As Beverly Dunn, a Seattle welfare rights worker put it, "Starvation doesn't necessarily mean falling down dead in the street. When people go to bed hungry night after night after night, they're starving. And thousands of people in Seattle are starving."

[THE ECONOMICS OF BOOM AND BUST]

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, and particularly the Puget Sound area, has had a peculiar habit over the past century of concentrating its labor force in a single industry. In the early part of this century, the area was a technological backwater remote in the transportation grid and almost totally dependent on natural resources: the land, the forests, and the sea. Lumber production had been the mainstay of the area's economy long before the turn of the century, and, when the railroads arrived in the 1890s and large parcels of railroad lands were sold off to loggers, the state's economy boomed ahead to make Washington the nation's number one producer of timber. It held this distinction until the early 1930s when production fell by more than half. The state's timber industry, and the supplementary production of pulp, plywood and paper, have never regained their former prominence.

The shipbuilding industry has been another boom and bust factor in the area's economy. World War I made shipbuilding the dominant industry around Puget Sound, though production collapsed with the end of the war. In World War

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II the shipyards were geared up again to produce the battleships, destroyers, cruisers and carriers for the Pacific theatre, and shipbuilding employment leaped from a pre-war level of 6000 to more than 140,000 in 1943. Once again, at war's end, production dropped precipitously.

But in 1916 the bad judgment of a wealthy native son laid the ground for yet another boom. Bill Boeing whimsically located an aircraft manufacturing plant—his "kite factory"—in the middle of modern Seattle. The company, then called the Pacific Aero Products Company, won its first all-metal twin-engine passenger transport, and the B-17 Flying Fortress, which was to become a major bomber in the Air Force arsenal in World War II.

With the onset of the war Boeing swung into full gear. Employment rocketed from 7600 workers in 1940, representing 5 percent of the state's total manufacturing employment, to 44,000 in 1944, representing 15 percent. Boeing manufactured 2700 Superfortresses during the war years, half of which were fabricated in the Seattle area. However, as fate would have it, the war came to an end, and by early 1946 Boeing had dropped back to 10,000 employees and sales plummeted from $600 million to $14 million.

Then in 1947 Boeing engineers developed the first jet bomber, and the boom was on again. Throughout the '50s and the early '60s production of the B-47 and then the B-52, along with the development of the 707 commercial jet and its predecessors, kept employment at all-time highs. Aside from a brief recession in 1959 and again in 1963–64, the post-war years were characterized by phenomenal growth.

In 1966 Boeing entered into a three-year boom period unprecedented in the Pacific Northwest. Defense and space contracts constituted only about 20 percent of Boeing's total business, but the commercial field was skyrocketing. Since 1950, airline passenger traffic had been increasing at an average annual rate of 14 percent. The decade following 1958, when Boeing began producing commercial jets, saw nearly 2000 aircraft delivered by Boeing. As of the end of 1968, the company had received orders for 161 of the giant 747s at $24 million apiece.

During this three-year boom, Boeing more than doubled its total employment in the Seattle area, from about 50,000 in early 1965 to over 106,000 in early 1968. At the peak, Boeing accounted for over 37 percent of all the manufacturing jobs in the state. Needless to say, additional labor was drawn from out of state, and the population of the three-county Boeing area increased by 25 percent over the decade. With increased population and spending, non-manufacturing and service employment also made rapid gains. The forest products industry rode the waves of a residential building boom that brought housing starts to an all-time high in early 1969. Then cutbacks at Boeing began to be felt; by August 1970 housing starts declined 65 percent. Of the six major volume home-builders in the Seattle area in 1968, only one remains today—operating at a $900,000 a year loss.

The one sector of the state's economy that might have been spared the devastation, agriculture, also collapsed. In 1969 a bumper crop in fruit production brought prices spiraling downward, and Washington's apple farmers experienced a $30 million decline. Both 1968 and 1969 saw heavy

"A deductible provision was imposed on medical assistance, requiring recipients to pay the first $750. . . . Prescription drug allotments were reduced, and 'elective surgery' excluded from coverage, meaning that a recipient had to be certified to be on his deathbed before the state would pay. . . ."

declines in wheat production, the major field crop of the state. The value of the 1969 wheat crop fell by $21 million to $120 million. In 1971 the wheat producers experienced a near record yield. However, no sooner was it harvested than the ILWU walked off the docks and shut down the port. Roughly 80 percent of Washington's wheat is grown for Asian export, and millions of bushels rotted in outdoor storage, while Japan sought out other sources for its growing demand. The year's loss is valued at $90 million. It is still not known whether Japan will return to its new sources (chiefly Canada) this year rather than deal with the unpredictable U.S. supply. And Japan, stung by revaluation, might well find its patronage of the Western Wheat Associates a handy counter in the politics of international trade.

Between August 1968, when Boeing hit its peak, and December 1971 aerospace manufacturing employment in the Seattle area plummeted by 68,000 workers, or roughly 65 percent. Non-manufacturing employment fell off by 20,000 workers between early 1970 and mid-1971. State-wide, significant employment losses occurred in forest products, food processing, mining, trade, self-employment. The only significant gain was in the state government itself, which added some 15,000 workers in 1970–71.

What had happened? To begin with, defense and space contracts were cut back in 1969 (Boeing lost its federal contracts for the B-1 bomber and the C-5A transport) at the same time commercial air travel was feeling the nation-wide recession (revenue-miles were down 5 percent in 1969 and 9 percent the following year). The airlines which had just received their first 747s soon found themselves faced with tremendous excess capacity. Consequently orders for new jets fell off sharply and cancellations began flooding in. The final blow came in December 1970 when the Senate soundly defeated the appropriation for the SST, which Boeing had expected to receive. In the first half of 1969 Boeing received orders from domestic airlines for a total of sixty-six jet liners of all types. In the second half it was ten. In 1970 it received orders for six, all in the first half. In September 1971 a seventeen-month silence on orders was finally broken with Western's order for three 727s. Although foreign orders have fared somewhat better, clearly the sky had fallen. Mr. Boeing's "kite factory" took a nose-dive, dragging the people of Seattle down with it.

(Continued on Page 40)

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The New Poor: A Case Study

When the statistics come off the printed page and take on flesh and blood, what emerges in Seattle is, to a considerable extent, something other than the traditional, down and out, unskilled, hard-core unemployed. Not that they don't exist in legion number, but alongside them are the ranks of highly skilled, educated, middle-income families. The 67,000 Boeing workers who have been laid off since late 1968 have not packed their bags and fled the holocaust as many had hoped. To a surprising extent, they've stayed on. Of the 600 workers who sought job counseling during the first seven weeks of Start Up, one of the multitude of government-sponsored agencies in the area, only 10 workers are known to have left the area. Yet, out of 5000 engineers and technicians who have registered for employment with Special Services, only about 150 have found jobs, most of which were outside the state. The result is that thousands of families, which only two or three years ago were living comfortably and securely, in $30–50,000 homes, driving two late-model cars, buying $15,000 pleasure boats and vacation homes in the country, are now living off food stamps or free food from Neighbors in Need, and gradually selling off their prize possessions to meet mortgage payments (except, of course, for the 4033 families whose homes have already been reclaimed by FHA). It is a whole class of poor people, designated by the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Need as the "New Poor." To a considerable degree, their problems are different from those of the "old poor." Their assets, those they have managed to hold on to, disqualify them from any of the Public Assistance programs. What little income they manage to scrape together, after their savings are gone, comes mostly from unemployment benefits, and those are fast running out. Many of them are still trying to maintain mortgage payments on their homes and keep up monthly payments on automobiles. Too often, there is not even money left after the monthly payments to meet the price of food stamps. Consequently, many of them are dependent on Neighbors In Need for free food and, as of January this year, the surplus commodities program.

Henry, as we shall call him, is probably as typical of the Boeing worker as anyone, though his age may represent a special problem. He insisted that his real name not be used because, "Well, if I said anything that didn't sound real good to the company, you know, I wouldn't want them to read it. Who knows, maybe they'll call me back to work."

HENRY LIVES IN A PLEASANT, modest two-bedroom home in a white, middle-income district of Seattle. His two daughters, ages 18 and 22, who live with him, are also unemployed. He has been out of work since February 1970, after having served a total of ten years, on and off, at Boeing as an engineering technician. He is fifty-five years old and divorced.

Henry is as American as apple pie. What was good for Boeing, he figured, was good for Henry. "In 1968 I got transferred from our home plant in Seattle to the 747 plant in Everett," he recalls. "I had to commute some sixty miles a day, but I didn't really mind it. I figured it was an opportunity to do more technical work and pick up some overtime. Anyway, if the company thought I would do more for them up there I was all for it."

By February 1970 it was plain that massive cutbacks were in the offing for Boeing. "When the lay-offs really got started, we all expected to be hit," he recalls. "I started scouting around for another job, and I lined up a couple of interviews with civil service, and I held off on buying the house. But I was working on a special project and everybody on the project was assured that we'd be kept for another year, at least. So I passed up the job interviews and went ahead and made a down payment on the house. Two weeks later I got my notice. There were 750 planners like myself in our department at Everett, and now there are about 150."

Two weeks after he was laid off, Henry began collecting unemployment, which at that time was a maximum of only $42 a week. His eldest daughter had just left her husband and came home to live, and she too was drawing unemployment. Henry had about $1600 in savings, and he planned a budget, based on his and his daughter's unemployment benefits and the savings, to get him through the next year. "Nobody figured we'd be out of work for any longer than that," he explained. It seemed then that the family would manage without having to make any great sacrifices. He was paying partial mortgage payments on the house, and full payments on an $1100 console stereo-color TV-radio from Sears. The TV warranty had expired at about the time he was laid off, and the set had promptly ceased to work. It still doesn't, though it is now fully paid for.

In April 1970 the unemployment benefits were raised to $72 a week, but continuing lay-offs at Boeing suggested that the period of unemployment might be longer than expected. When the thirty weeks of compensation expired, a state extension provided another nine weeks of benefits, after a two-week waiting period. When that expired, and following another waiting period, a federal extension gave another thirteen weeks of benefits. Meanwhile, Henry made the rounds of the private and public employment agencies in search of a job. He registered with the state employment office, two private offices, the "special services" office, and the re-training program. Twice a week he went to the state office to check the job listings. "Although I'm at the top of the eligibility ranks with the state office because of my age and the length of time I've been unemployed," says Henry, "it doesn't seem to get me a call for a job. I've applied for just about everything I could get into. I qualify for a GS-11 or -12 with the civil service, but I've applied for anything down to a GS-4. Just to work and get on *any* job."

Henry recognizes that his age is a factor in his inability to find employment. "I'm fifty-five," he says, "and I assure you this is the worst age in the world to be laid off. You're too young to retire and too old to work. It's quite

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obvious nobody wants to hire you when you're over fifty. Of course, they don't come right out and say it because it's against the law. But they always figure out some reason for not hiring you. I guess I wouldn't try to force an employer to hire me by legal means, anyway. I wouldn't want to work for anyone who didn't want to hire me. The government re-training programs are fine for younger men, but what employer wants to re-train someone who's fifty-five?"

Each quarter Henry dutifully re-registers with Boeing to let them know that he's still available. When the unemployment extensions were exhausted, he finally put his house up for sale. "It's been on the market for a year," he says now, "but so far I haven't even had an offer that would pay off the mortgage. Anybody would be out of his mind to pay $20,000 for a two-bedroom house in Seattle today." Henry's next door neighbor, who was in much the same condition, had been offered $40,000 for his home in 1968, when he was still working. When he put the house on the market a year ago, he asked $36-000. Then he came down to $30,000. Recently he agreed to join forces with Henry by combining the lots in hopes of attracting a high-rise investor and getting $25,000 for each lot.

As soon as the unemployment benefits ended, Henry applied for Public Assistance (welfare) since his youngest daughter was only 17 and qualified for ADC. He received two monthly allotments, but then she turned 18 and the eligibility ended. Since Washington passed the 19-year-old majority act, the welfare office decided that 18-year-olds should no longer qualify for aid, whatever their circumstances. The following month Henry received an emergency food allotment of $36. Nothing else. Then a friendly and sympathetic case worker suggested that he apply for disability. She knew that since he had been laid off he had developed high blood pressure and had frequent and debilitating migraine headaches. Henry received a statement from his family doctor attesting to his condition, and he was approved for disability payments of $175 a month. But, after the second payment was received, he was ordered to undergo an examination by the welfare department's own doctor, and was declared to be in sound health and employable. The payments ended. When he reapplied for the meager $36 emergency food allotment, he was told that his assets—home and car—made him ineligible. For the first time, he was receiving nothing. "You're supposed to be down to absolutely nothing," he says, with an ironic chuckle of disbelief. "No car, no house, no anything. At my age, there's nobody, no agency, that will give me a damn nickle for anything.

"I feel that any help I can get at this point is extremely critical. I'm trying to keep my family together. They could give me a million dollars ten years from now and I probably would not appreciate it, but now I need help. I even told them at the welfare office that if they could help me now I'd be happy to pay it all back with interest when I got work."

Today Henry gets a good break on food stamps since he has virtually no income, and occasionally a friend who owns a juice business will bring over a load of potatoes, onions, carrots and apples. He has continued to keep up the mortgage payments by borrowing from employed friends and relatives, "but even those resources are coming to an end," he says. The new federal 13-week extension of unemployment will help out through the spring months, but come summer there will again be no income and the house will have to go. "I'll have to take what I can get for it and hope there will be something left after I pay off the mortgage."

Surprisingly, though characteristically for the "new poor," Henry has not become a bitter man. He believes Boeing is a good company that ran into some hard luck, and he feels that the government is basically just and beneficial, though he thinks "Scoop" Jackson might handle things a little better. He is quick to pay compliments to government employees and programs wherever possible. He appreciates the guidance that Seattle Legal Aid has given him, though he recently declined to enter into a class action suit against the welfare department to get ADC restored to 18 to 21-year-olds. Again, he was afraid someone might see his name in the papers.

But Henry has not weathered his experience without asking himself some difficult and hitherto unconsidered questions. He has thought, for the first time in his life, about the problems of the poor and the system of caring for them. And if he hasn't yet (and he probably never will) approached anything like a radical perspective toward politics and government, he at least has challenged the status quo of mainstream American thought as regards responsibility towards the poor. "An affluent country like America, with all the wealth we're supposed to have—supporting all these foreign countries and fighting wars—surely," he says, "we should be able to help our own people to the extent that they don't have to find themselves in such desperate circumstances as not having enough food to eat." Henry's answer to poverty is hardly unique, but it's one he's discovered on his own, a guaranteed annual income. "I would just have a program that would immediately take over as soon as someone's in any kind of situation where he needs help," says Henry, with obvious pride and enthusiasm. "Whether it's retirement or unemployment or sickness or disability—no matter what the circumstances, everyone would be paid enough to keep his home and family together.

"I feel that I've come to understand a lot about poor people," says Henry, "and it's something that I never even thought about before. I can tell you this, no matter what happens to me, from now on I'll always do whatever I can to help people who are in need. I used to think that welfare people were basically lazy. Now I know better. It's just not so."

Henry has been unemployed for over two years, and the pressures of living have not grown any easier: "You get the feeling that you aren't needed and you aren't wanted," he told me. "You try to convince yourself that it's not true, but eventually you get to believe it anyway when you're still not working and nobody is chasing after you. You know, some mornings I wake up and lie in bed thinking what I can do that day, and I realize that there just isn't anything worth doing, there isn't any reason to get out of bed. A man might as well not be alive, you know, as to be in that kind of a situation." ■

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"Most communities were able to . . . accept the Japanese rice graciously. . . . But Yakima's director of the food bank complained, 'We've taken care of our [own] people. . . . Besides, the rice isn't the kind you can put into a pan and eat.' Apparently, he had in mind Minute-Rice."

THE RESPONSE OF THE FEDERAL, state and local governments to Washington's cancerous unemployment is a lesson in bureaucratic inhumanity, inefficiency and downright stupidity. In the face of spiraling welfare applications, the Department of Social and Health Services set new eligibility restrictions in April 1971. Payments to beneficiaries were cut some 15 percent across the board. Despite the blind, panic-inspired cutbacks, welfare caseloads increased from 180,000 in 1970 to 300,000 in 1971. Governor Dan Evans enthusiastically announced that the *rate* of increase was slowing.

Welfare recipients were not quite so enthused. In September 1971, ADC payments for children aged 18–21 were ended. Earlier, all cost-of-living increases to recipients were discontinued. A deductible provision was imposed on medical assistance, requiring recipients to pay the first $750 in 1971 and $850 in 1972. Prescription drug allotments were reduced, and "elective surgery" was excluded from coverage, meaning that a recipient had to be certified to be on his deathbed before the state would pay for surgery. The "medical only" program was cut back to "acute and emergency only."

Application procedures have grown ever more complicated, to the extent that it is estimated that less than half of those eligible for assistance are receiving it. Though jobs are impossible to find, anyone regarded by the Department as "employable" and between the ages of 18 and 50, having no children, is totally ineligible. Rent allotments have been reduced to $56 for a single person and $77 for a family of four to eight. In January HEW's regional representative Richard Grant called a meeting in Seattle with state welfare officials to inform them of federal compliance disputes regarding fair hearings and the medical program. He urged them to set up advisory boards with representation from recipients. Following the meeting, Sidney Smith, Secretary of the state welfare department, approached Grant and told him, "I'm glad you're getting involved with the consumers, because you deserve each other."

Three separate food assistance programs are now operating in the Seattle area: food stamps, surplus commodities and Neighbors in Need. The number of food stamp recipients increased from 93,000 in 1969 to 263,000 in 1971. Yet it is estimated that some 50 percent of welfare recipients who otherwise qualify for stamps are not receiving them.

The cost of the stamps, it is generally agreed, is prohibitive. A suit brought by Legal Aid against the U.S. Department of Agriculture describes the situation of Florence Sloan, aged 66, a welfare recipient with a total monthly income of $156.66. "Her monthly expenses, for rent ($98), past debts ($22), utilities ($13), telephone ($8.33), and laundry ($5) total $146.33. These expenditures do not even include such necessities as clothing, household supplies, and hygienic items. As a result, she is unable to pay the $14 purchase price for food stamps. She barely survives on irregular donations from the Church's Food Bank; her total monthly food expenditures for September were $6."

In March households of two or more unrelated persons became ineligible. Ostensibly directed against communes, this rule hurts all households of single persons who have pooled their resources to weather the crisis.

The last resort for thousands of Seattle's hungry is the Neighbors in Need food bank program. The program, supported and administered by the Council of Churches, began a year and a half ago distributing free food to anyone who claimed he needed it. No qualifications were required, no questions were asked. Today the program has grown to vast proportions, with 37 food banks feeding some 15,000 to 20,000 families each week.

I visited a food bank in the Capital Hill district one morning in January. When I arrived at 10 AM, there was a line of approximately 150 men and women standing along the sidewalk in front of the old house that served as the bank. The bank was due to open at 12:30. When I asked one man in line why so many people had come so early, he told me "sometimes they run out of food before everybody gets some. You have to get here early if you want food." Inside, a staff of about 10 volunteers, all unemployed, were bagging the day's supply into parcels for distribution. The food varies from day to day, depending upon what's available. When I visited, a package for a family of two contained corn meal, flour, canned milk, tomato sauce, canned beans, canned pork and beans, canned corn, a bottle of syrup, a loaf of day-old bread, and a package of bacon ends.

It is clear that the food bank program cannot continue to meet the demand that is presently made on it. New resources are growing scarcer by the day. According to Mike McManus, director of the program, "The community has simply run out of the ability to give. People have no idea where it's going to end."

In August 1971 the *peripetia* in Seattle's comedy of terrors was reached when a half ton of rice arrived as a gift from the people of Seattle's sister city, Kobe, Japan. Sado Ozawa, present to oversee distribution of the rice, explained that the rice shipment was no more than a token gesture, since the Japanese—who were busy gathering donations for relief of the Bengali refugees at the time—found the idea of foreign aid to a city in the United States a bit strange.

Still, in the following months, groups in Kobe undertook a campaign to raise money for another shipment of rice to Seattle. By January Ozawa was distributing 10,000 pounds of Japanese rice to counties all over the Pacific Northwest. Most communities were able to swallow their pride and accept the rice graciously. An exception was the small town of Yakima, where the director of the local food bank, Felix Lowe, informed Ozawa, "We've taken care of our people

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without outside help. The people of the community have donated plenty of food for the needy people of Yakima. Besides, the rice isn't the kind you can put into a pan and eat. You have to cook it first." Apparently, Mr. Lowe had in mind Minute-Rice.

Ozawa, who has no ties to the official Japanese government, says that he has had no response from his government regarding the aid to America. He lets a broad smile spill across his otherwise serious face when he adds, "That means that they're silently enjoying it."

The Japanese rice reinforced the campaign to make the Agricultural Department release some of the millions of tons of surplus food that annually rots in federal warehouses across the country. Speaking in favor of surplus food distribution, Washington's Senator Warren Magnuson told his colleagues,"In one simple humanitarian gesture, Japan has made a mockery of our pious claims of being a nation dedicated to serving the cause of human dignity, and concern for the well-being of our citizens. . . . Today I stand on the floor of the greatest deliberative body in the world in total humiliation."

For months state officials had been urging the Agriculture Department to supplement the food stamp program with the surplus commodities, but to no avail. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Richard Lyng, first insisted that federal regulations would not permit him to conduct the two federal programs concurrently. By August Lyng allowed that the programs *could* be operated concurrently; he would be "perfectly willing to permit simultaneous distribution . . .," he explained before a Senate committee, only there was no "hard evidence" that the food stamp program had failed to meet the needs of the hungry in the state.

In November the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs visited the city to investigate this claim for themselves. The committee issued a scathing report recommending immediate distribution of surplus commodities.

Finally, in December, Federal District Judge William Becks, ruling in favor of four welfare recipients in a class action suit, ordered the Department to release surplus commodities. Senator Magnuson, calling on the Attorney General to uphold the decision, charged, "The Department of Agriculture, in the most hard-hearted disregard of human suffering I've ever witnessed, insists that there is no hunger problem in Seattle."

Surplus commodities were finally distributed beginning January 1, 1972. However the eligibility regulations are much the same as they are for food stamps. A family of four cannot have an income in excess of $355 a month, and a single person may not earn more than $195 a month. Families receiving food stamps are ineligible for surplus commodities. The only advantage to the commodities program is that recipients don't have to come up with cash to receive the free food. However, since the surplus food is far less appetizing and less varied than the food that can be purchased with food stamps, most persons who can still afford the stamps are staying with them. Nonetheless, 7000 families received surplus commodities in the first three weeks of distribution.

Florence Sloan, the 66-year-old welfare recipient after whom the suit was named (Sloan v. Hardin), called a friend at Legal Aid in January and asked for help in getting to the distribution center and carrying home her 40-pound parcel of food. When she saw and tasted the quality of the food (*canned meats, powdered eggs, instant potatoes,* peanut butter, enriched flour and cornmeal, etc.), she called her friend back to say that she was sorry that she had been involved in the battle. "I wouldn't feed this food to an animal."

"The day I left . . . a heavy snowfall had brought Seattle to a white, cold, glistening standstill. Inside the Seattle-Tacoma Airport a sign gave credence to this last visual impression. . . . It read, 'Will the Last Person Leaving Seattle Please Turn Out The Lights.'"

[TOWARDS RECOVERY]

THE PLETHORA OF ECONOMIC RECOVERY programs following in the wake of Washington's fall from economic grace is as confusing as it is, seemingly, ineffective. Naturally, most of the programs have as their goal the creation of new jobs and increased cash flow. In the Seattle area there are several programs providing immediate relief on a temporary basis. The Emergency Supplement Program, known as ESP, provides 13-week jobs in a variety of positions, paying $80 per week, tax free. Apparently most ESP jobs have gone to young persons. The Emergency Employment Act provided funds for year-long jobs in civil service positions, many of which have gone for such employment as an increased investigation staff with the welfare department. Walla Walla prison also got an increased security staff, and one municipality fired ten policemen to cut back the local city budget and then hired them back a week later on EEA funds.

At the state legislative level, Governor Dan Evans is promoting a two-pronged program called Jobs Now and Washington Future. The Jobs Now package calls for $36 million to be pumped into the state economy through the creation of 13,300 jobs in public works projects by 1973. Evans proposes to finance the projects through a 5 percent sales tax on gasoline, though highway lobby spokesmen are predicting defeat for this plan. The Washington Future package would sink $500 million into the state over a long-range plan of capital works, financed by bonds to be approved this year.

In Seattle, capital projects already funded include a $40 million domed stadium, a highway extension and an aquarium. However, work on all the projects has been held up due to various citizen's and environmentalist's initiatives.

Unfortunately most of the state and local capital investment programs center on construction of buildings and

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highways. While the construction unions in the Seattle area were hard hit by the nose-dive in residential building, heavy construction came to the rescue in downtown Seattle and on the campus of the University of Washington. Currently construction is underway on at least nine high-rises in the city, and campus plans call for seven new projects in 1972 totaling $15.15 million and continuation on projects totaling $48.8 million. In other words, it would seem that an increased level of heavy construction would do little to relieve the thousands of Boeing engineers and technicians, as well as the unskilled unemployed. It could even happen that construction spending will attract a stream of workers from other areas and have little effect on the local unemployment picture.

As for the chances of "recovery" at Boeing, the word is used advisedly. According to the Boeing Report of December 1971, "Substantial Boeing recovery is dependent upon the recovery of the [national] economy as a whole." The Report adds that "The 727 and 737 production will continue at present or slightly increased levels and keep that work force basically stable, but employment on the 747 will continue to decline."

Diversification is the key to Boeing recovery, though it's unlikely that employment levels will reach the 1968 level for many years to come. Currently Boeing is engaged in research or production of numerous diversified interests, including hydrofoils, water resources, land development, surface transportation and electronics. In the area of government contracts, Boeing is pursuing the Minuteman and Short Range Attack Missile programs, as well as construction of spacecraft for exploration of Mercury and Venus under a $50 million NASA contract. A joint Grumman/Boeing team is considered a prime bidder for the lavish space-shuttle program requested by President Nixon. The 1973 fiscal defense budget earmarks $1 billion for programs to be administered by Boeing.

Even assuming all the state and corporate programs come to fruition, Washington will still have a vast unemployment problem. Efforts to attract new industry to the area come up against the natural problem of remoteness and a small local marketing base, as well as an aggressive state tax structure. Business analysts tend to agree that the only real solution to the state's doldrums is for the mass of the unemployed to get behind a Pied Piper and march out of the state. So far that hasn't happened.

* * *

PERHAPS THE FINAL LESSON TO BE GAINED from the devastation of Seattle lies in the failure of the unemployed labor force to join hands and exert the substantial influence of which it could be capable. Though Seattle has a past and recent history of tremendous radical activity, this most recent and unprecedented opportunity to organize workers fell flat on its face. Though a free store in the Georgetown district was temporarily a successful operation in terms of winning support from the unemployed, it amounted to very small crackers. An effort to form a Union of the Unemployed perished of embarrassment last year when a poor people's march was called by the leadership. Thousands of leaflets were distributed around unemployment and job centers, and leaders predicted that some ten thousand workers would unite to march to the main Boeing plant to protest layoffs and the repossession of automobiles by the Boeing Credit Company. On the day of the march a scant 250 persons showed up, mostly long-haired students or ex-student radicals. They were out-numbered by the police. The rally broke up before they reached the Credit office.

The problem with the Union, as most ex-Boeing workers will confess, was not that the very idea of an unemployed workers union was abhorrent. It was the leadership that turned everyone away. "It was led by a small group of young radical kids, and we just couldn't relate to them," said one middle-aged engineer. Since the abortive march, there has been little or no effort toward organizing.

The only substantive action on a political level within the past year was the candidacy for city council of Bernadine Garrett, a black woman who has been a welfare recipient all her adult life. With a "campaign budget" of about $522 she managed to pull over 6000 votes, a handsome and unexpected showing. Mrs. Garrett has been a welfare rights worker since before the term was coined, and she currently spends three to four days a week in Olympia, the Capital, lobbying on behalf of the poor. During her campaign for city council she was asked why she thought she was capable of figuring out a city budget, since she has had little formal education. She replied, "I've been keeping a household together on a welfare budget all my life. I guess that if I can do that I can run a city budget."

The Legal Aid Society and the Welfare Rights office together have been successful in bringing class action suits on behalf of welfare recipients and in helping others qualify for assistance.

In short, though serious activists are on the scene and are working in fruitful directions, their number is such that the impact is almost imperceptible. There will be no more Wobblie-type riots in Seattle.

* * *

The day I left Seattle a heavy snowfall had blanketed the city under a foot of snow. Children, out of school, were skiing and sledding in the streets, and the few cars on the road were sliding and skidding hopelessly. Most businesses downtown had announced they wouldn't open at all, and all government offices were closed for the day. The Boeing Company by mid-morning announced over the radio that all plants would be closed. Seattle came to a white, cold, glistening standstill.

Inside the Seattle-Tacoma Airport terminal a sign gave credence to my last visual impression of the city. It read, "Will The Last Person Leaving Seattle Please Turn Out The Lights."

Jon Stewart is a free-lance journalist and a frequent contributor to RAMPARTS. *Research for this article will appear in his forthcoming book on the "new poor" (Ramparts Press).*

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Solzhenitsyn: An Appraisal

[In *One Day*] there are no horrors against which the reader unconsciously mobilizes his inner defenses; there is instead the "terrifyingly . . . unchanging routine year after year. . ." "The horror is in forgetting that your life—the only life you have—is destroyed."

ONE OF THE CHARACTERS in Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* exclaims in a voice muffled by fear: "These literary tragedies are just laughable compared with the ones we live through. . . . Children write essays in school about the unhappy, tragic, doomed . . . life of Anna Karenina. But was Anna really unhappy? . . . She was a free, proud human being. . . . So why should I read *Anna Karenina* again? Maybe it's enough what I have experienced. Where can people read about us- *US?* Only in a hundred years' time?"

Solzhenitsyn's three major works *(One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, Cancer Ward,* and *The First Circle)* deal precisely with the true, the real tragedies of contemporary Russia.

* * *

Born in 1918, Alexander Solzhenitsyn belongs to the generation which grew up and came to young manhood in the darkest years of the Stalinist era. He was only 15 or 16 when Kirov's assassination became the pretext for wholesale deportations, murders, and purges. He now tells us that (unlike the great majority of his contemporaries, he reacted sharply against the deafening vociferations of Stalinist propagandists and against the multitudes who joined them in cursing the myriads of "Kirov's assassins" on their way to the sub-Polar regions or Siberian wastes. Very early on he began to doubt the wisdom, the justice, and the omniscience of the Father of the Peoples.

Like his counterpart in *The First Circle,* Gleb Nerzhin (in Russian the name is suggestive of *nezhnyi*—gentle, tender), he graduated from the University just before the German atttack on Russia, in June 1941, and in the first months of the war, because of ill-health, served in the uninspiring role of a "driver of horse-drawn vehicles." Later on, as a mathematician, he was transferred to an artillery school, went through a short course, and in November 1942 was already put in command of a battery with which he stayed in the front line without a break until the beginning of 1945. He was twice decorated for bravery.

In January or February 1945 Captain Solzhenitsyn was suddenly arrested, stripped of his rank, and a few months later sentenced to eight years of imprisonment in corrective labor camps. After serving his sentence, he was sent into exile "in perpetuity" which, mercifully, ended in 1956. The basis of his arrest? "Disrespectful remarks" about Stalin in letters to an old school friend, and some "stories and reflections" found subsequently in his bag.

Years of various camps, prisons, and exile provided Solzhenitsyn with the warp of his three major novels. He first "burst" upon the Soviet Union with his *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* published in the literary magazine *Novyi Mir* in 1962. The publication was "officially authorized" by no less a person than Khrushchev, not because of his love of literature, but because the novel was of use as a political weapon in his battle with the old Stalinist bureaucrats, by that time beginning to lift their heads again after their temporary defeat at the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956.

Solzhenitsyn handles his raw material with the utmost delicacy. His novel (or memoir) is highly realistic, yet there are no scenes of cruelty, no atrocities. The greyness, the monotony of that one day are even relieved by some fleeting good humored jokes, by some pleasurable moments like opening a parcel from home, or savoring a bite of sausage. The impact of the story is all the greater, because there are no horrors against which the reader unconsciously mobilizes his inner defenses; there is instead the "terrifyingly . . . unchanging routine year after year. . . ." In another of his books Solzhenitsyn says: "The horror is in forgetting that your life—the only life you have—is destroyed." Ivan Denisovich ends his day, "A day without a dark cloud. Almost a happy day," and goes to sleep "fully content," without apparently giving a thought to the fact that in his stretch "there were three thousand six hundred and fifty-three days like that."

In the narrative of Ivan Denisovich's day Solzhenitsyn gives proof of his great power of observation: of his fellow prisoners, of their guards, and last but not least, of the nature which surrounds them. He holds up a mirror to reality, yet he knows how to handle that mirror so that it moves unerringly from detail to detail, never staying a moment too long in one place or at the same angle. He also possesses the gift extremely rare in the apprentice to literature; the art to sketch a portrait by means of a very few light strokes so that not only the outward appearance but a full personality emerges.

The story of Ivan Denisovich, of the camp, and of its inmates bears the imprint of an authenticity which needs no literary effects to transmit the author's "feel of prison [that] only comes

by Tamara Deutscher

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from having been inside for long, long years on end . . . ," that unmistakeably:

He was there.

He himself with his human air.

The two volumes of *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* do not possess the same degree of directness.

When still in camp, Solzhenitsyn developed cancer of the stomach. After an operation, which did not improve his condition, he was on the brink of death until he was sent to a Tashkent cancer hospital, where he recovered completely. In 1967 the Soviet Establishment gave proof of boundless stupidity when it prevented the publication of *Cancer Ward* already set up in print for *Novyi Mir*.

It has been alleged that in *Cancer Ward* there is "not a single word of warmth," that it is "gloomy," that "everyone [in it] is a former prisoner . . . ," that it is "anti-humanitarian" (whatever that may mean), that it is "downright nauseating," and, of course, that Solzhenitsyn is "slandering the Soviet Union." Needless to say, none of these reproaches contains even the slightest grain of truth. The subject may be "gloomy," but the strength of the book lies precisely in Solzhenitsyn's transmutation of his material. He refrains from stunning us by a display of festering sores; he is much more concerned with the patients' state of mind and qualities of heart than with the state of their bodies. In the one hospital ward he assembles a whole gallery of people, young and old, of various ethnic groups, from different walks of life, different social backgrounds and education, of different occupations, preoccupations, and ambitions. What binds them together is illness, suffering, and fear of death. One may see in this cancer ward a microcosm of Soviet life. Or, one may be tempted—as some critics were—to see it as a symbol of a whole society ravaged by a malignant tumor.

Solzhenitsyn himself stresses in the novel that in the conflict of good and evil, of life and death, it is life that ultimately triumphs: his main character, Kostoglotov, is cured and goes out of the murky hospital into the bright and dazzling sunshine of Tashkent. True, he does not yet return to full freedom, but he returns to life, savoring his own vitality as he delights in the ice-cream bought from a stall, or in the *kvass* or in the smoky *shashlik*, and in all the odors and colors of the southern city.

But even in the ward now left behind, not all was gloom and darkness. In it was a microcosm of the Soviet world not only of former prisoners—though they formed a fair proportion of the inmates—of wretched *muzhiks*, cynical blackmarketeers, or petty Stalinist bureaucrats, but also of devoted nurses who could not be bribed, of heroic doctors whose lives in their entirety were dedicated to science, and who gave their patients much more than their professional skill, and much more than "a single word of warmth" —they all were, after all, the product of a society so deeply eaten into by Stalinist poison and which yet preserved some healthy body cells.

If CANCER WARD may be viewed as the microcosm of "free" Soviet society, with *The First Circle* we return to a world enclosed by high prison walls. Mavrino is an exceptional labor camp where the highest intellectual elite of the Soviet prison population is engaged in secret scientific work. To any man transferred there from the sub-Polar regions, Mavrino seems a real heaven, but "all the same, it is hell, just as before, but it is hell's best and highest circle" to which Dante consigned the sages of antiquity.

At Mavrino physicists, mathematicians, radio and telephone engineers, chemists, technicians, and philologists are all engaged in the urgent task of "scrambling" the human voice in order to construct a device which, like fingerprints, would help in identifying anyone speaking on the telephone. The search for this is an obsession of Stalin himself, of whom Solzhenitsyn gives a highly suggestive though somewhat demonological picture. The action of the novel is compressed into three days at the end of 1949, but within that short span of time the reader is introluced to over 70 *dramatis personae:* Lev Rubin, the philologist, who remains a faithful Stalinist; Adamson, one of the giants of the 1920s who "wanted the revolution to remain pure"; Sologdin, forever scaling the Olympian heights of unblemished moral perfection; Doronin, the *Hochstapler*, trickster, the artful dodger, the overclever informer who finally slips up badly; Spiridonov who had "ploughed the land and forged the steel" and therefore possesses "the wisdom of those who work with their hands" and who is, in some ways, modelled on Tolstoy's Karatayev. We also have administrators and supervisors—jailers of the camp to whom a bureaucratic career was more congenial than a scientific one. Outside the great wall, in nearby Moscow, life goes on "as usual." Although we see not a single worker, we meet the long-suffering and despairing wives of the prisoners, the big Party and State Security bosses, and the lesser Stalinist informers and careerists; there is also the opulent, demoralized, thoughtless family of the State Prosecutor, his wife and his children, whose fate becomes curiously entwined with Mavrino prisoners.

One of the characters in *The First Circle* derides the inveterate Russian fashion "to write like Tolstoy," and yet *The First Circle* itself, Solzhenitsyn's most ambitious work, is truly Tolstoyan in scope, though it lacks the leisureliness and the epic quality of Tolstoyan writing. Solzhenitsyn's master is Tolstoy, not only in the literary form, but also in a deeper philosophical sense: Nerzhin paraphrases Tolstoy when he says: "I draw my conclusions not from the philosophers I have read, but from stories you hear about people in prisons." Or when he brushes aside "intellectual interests" because, "There's a lot of cleverness in the world, but not enough goodness." He rejects, of course, the "communist" Rubin and involves him in a debate with Sologdin, in which the brilliant philologist is driven into casuistry, gets entangled in the most contradictory and illogical arguments and ends by pushing the whole principle of dialectics into an impasse of absurdity. Nor has Solzhenitsyn much feeling for Adamson, the member of the old Bolshevik guard, imprisoned in the first phase of Stalin's fight against the opposition. True, now and again, Solzhenitsyn brings to the forefront a representative of the old generation and makes him reiterate his "faith in socialism" or utter some edifying but long forgotten Leninist principle. Per-

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haps with an excess of Christian forgiveness, he places on the same level the time-servers who applauded Stalin's purges with those who either faced the firing squad or lingered to death in hard labor camps. To Kostoglotov, who most often speaks with Solzhenitsyn's voice, it was all a matter of "the number you happen to draw. If the position had been reversed, it would have been just the opposite: you'd have been the martyrs, we'd have been the time-servers." Shulubin, one of those who had applauded, even in a bout of remorse, still absolves himself: it was not he, "a small man," but others who had not acted resolutely enough. Why didn't Lenin's widow raise her voice against Stalin? Or Ordjonikidze, "a real eagle of a man"?

At this point for all his professed devotion to truth Solzhenitsyn falters. In the whole body of his work there is not a single mention of Trotsky, Stalin's most powerful protagonist. He cannot plead ignorance. Like his chief character in *The First Circle,* Nerzhin, all through his youth he "vowed that he would get at the truth" of the Great Purges. And he did, though in tragic circumstances. In prison he met a few survivors of the holocaust, the only ones who could enlighten him: "They were not surprised at how much he had pieced together, but were able to add a hundred times more." And so he learned about the deportees of 1929 on the Yenissei river and about the heroic strike at the Vorkuta camp. He must have learned also that the strike was led by the most active, most recalcitrant, and most numerous of the Vorkuta inmates—the Trotskyists and their sympathizers. (Trotsky's elder son perished at Vorkuta.) Yet for Solzhenitsyn, Stalin's anathema on Trotsky still seems to remain in force. (For understandable reasons he might have omitted Trotsky's name from *Cancer Ward* as the book was scheduled for publication; but *The First Circle* does not mention Trotsky either, though it had no chance to appear in Russia. Stalin's musings on his victory over "those loud-mouthed quibblers with their little pointed beards" who were all "shot, ground into the soil of Siberia . . ." may be construed as an oblique and ambiguous reference to Trotsky.)

Solzhenitsyn's philosophy is certainly not that of a revolutionary fighter. His is Tolstoyan "non-resistance to evil." It is meek submission to God that he preaches. When the young Dyoma, whose leg is eaten up by cancer, asks; "Why is it that there's such rank injustice in fortune itself?" the saintly Aunt Styofa answers: "It depends on God . . . God sees everything. You should submit to him." Alyosha, the Baptist, guileless and unable to fend for himself, whose bunk adjoins that of Ivan Denisovich, is paying the highest price for his faith—he is slowly dying from exhaustion. Yet he is ever ready to help others and is the one on whom everybody else can count. His beautiful and sweet face, his "eyes glowing like two candles," leave no doubt that he was speaking the truth: he was happy in prison. Note that the first meaningful scene in *The First Circle* is the one in which the Jew Rubin joins five Germans, former officers, at an improvised Christmas meal and stands up with bowed head as one of them recites a prayer.

Although Tolstoy, with his own personal vision of Christianity and his rejection of philosophers' wisdom, is clearly Solzhenitsyn's master, there are Dostoyevskian strands too in his writing. There is, first of all, the intense Slavophile patriotism. It is not the recent past, not the Soviet victory over the Nazis, not even the saga of 1812, but a more remote ideal of the XII century, or of the XIV century battle of Kulikovo in which the Russians heroically repulsed the Tartar hordes that quickens Solzhenitsyn's imagination. He exhorts his countrymen to guard this precious "glorious heritage" and devotes a short story to Zakhar, the hot-tempered *muzhik* who with humble piety and boundless dedication watches over the historic ground as a kind of "guardian angel."

In another story Solzhenitsyn exposes the silly hooliganism of youngsters who try to disrupt an Easter religious procession. We come across a curious patch of Dostoyevskism here: "Among the believers I catch a glimpse of one or two Jewish faces. Perhaps they are converts, or perhaps they are just onlookers. . . . We *all curse* the Jews, they are a permanent nuisance. . . ." From the Jewish faces Solzhenitsyn turns his glance to the shrieking boys and girls whom he calls "the builders of the new society" and notices that they are tall: ". . . at least *our race* gets no shorter" he remarks with satisfaction (my italics). Is it pedantic to recall in this context that while Nerzhin refuses to join the cryptographic unit knowing only too well that he will be hurled into the real hell of the ordinary camp, Rubin cooperates with his jailers, and, at their behest, finally identifies the voice of Innokenty Volodin, delivering him into the clutches of the Security Police; that the Jew Roitman, Major of the KGB, spent the war years far from the front devising first systems for "scrambling" telephone conversations; that among other informers—Russian and Latvian—there is also Isaac Kagan who had the trust and confidence of other inmates?

SOLZHENITSYN'S ROOTS AS A writer reach deep down to the rich traditions of the XIX century Russian literature. Like his predecessors, he is a profoundly committed author, and considers himself as such. In this he is even more explicit than Byelinsky whose maxim was: "Art without ideas [philosophical and socio-political] is like a man without a soul; it is a corpse." "Literature," says Solzhenitsyn, "that is not the breath of contemporary society, that dares not transmit the pains and fears of that society, that does not warn . . . against threatening moral and social dangers . . . does not deserve the name of literature; it is only a facade." Talent imposes certain duties, he adds, and above all the duty to watch over the health of society.

Is Soviet society really one huge and doomed Cancer Ward or has it enough vitality and strength to get rid of the Stalinist tumors? In spite of the cruel persecution of a galaxy of writers, in spite of the crass stupidity and brutality of the rulers, Soviet society still seems to possess a great deal of regenerative power. Solzhenitsyn was expelled from the writers' union, but not without a bitter struggle in which some of his colleagues showed tremendous courage. They proclaimed the end of the old "reptile-like crawling literature" (Kaverin); they told other mem-

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bers; nine-tenths of you will be forgotten, while Solzhenitsyn's name will long be remembered. "You have spoken out against freedom of the press, against creative freedom, and have thereby gone over to the camp of obscurantism. . . ." wrote the old Bolshevik convict Kosterin to the celebrated Stalinist writer (and Nobel Prize winner) Sholokhov.

The old quacks like Brezhnev, or Kosygin, or Sholokhov, or Fedin will never cure Russia, but only those who pass from hand to hand, from reader to reader, typed copies of forbidden books read in thousands and thousands of copies: "Organize mass . . . raids, sieze all the tapes, all the copies, arrest their authors and those responsible for their circulation—even so, at least one copy will escape . . . and will be duplicated in ever greater quantities," wrote G. Vladim to the Presidium of the Writers' Congress.

The young Vladimir Bukovsky, sentenced recently to 12 years of prison and exile, defiantly and prophetically proclaimed: "The process of spiritual enlightenment of [Soviet] society has already begun and it cannot be stopped."

Here perhaps lies hope.

Tamara Deutscher is a journalist who has contributed to the London Times, *the* Times Literary Supplement, The Economist *and the* New Left Review.

Records

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND [*Polydor*]

MANFRED MANN has been found around for a long time by rock standards (first on the charts in 1964), has played a lot of kinds of music with a lot of musicians in a series of bands, and had always hovered around the edges of my musical consciousness, mainly via a series of AM radio singles from the brainless "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" to a fine version of Dylan's "Mighty Quinn."

There have been a lot of Mann albums too, but I never paid any attention to them until their last-but-for-one, *Chapter Three*, which struck me as just another drab entry in the BS&T-Chicago brass sweepstakes.

So when *Earth Band* came along I was prepared to ignore it except for a pleasant-sounding single, "Living Without You," of which I heard crackly fragments on my car radio between savings and loan commercials and passing snatches of talk shows.

"Living Without You" is a pleasant single, but *Earth Band* is a positively GREAT album, one that sounded astonishingly good on first hearing, that stood up on repetition, and that has now established itself as a ready favorite that bears playing over every day or two—a status achieved by few if any albums in recent months; surely none that come to mind very easily.

The Earth Band is a new organization; the brass is gone and just four musicians carry the bulk of the work (although seven more receive a quick thanks on the cover).

The album opens with a laid-back, insinuating piece, "California Coastline," that features a synthesizer in use as a legitimate band instrument (a rare phenomenon as yet, although increasing in frequency as more musicians gain an understanding of the Moog), weaving in and out with a guitar to produce a steady instrumental base for two completely separate vocal lines that run in and out of the foreground.

"Captain Bobby Stout," a slow prison blues, develops the mood and continues the technique of musical layers: a hypnotic, repetitious bass line overlaid with long, tantalizing lead instrumentals and periodically appearing and disappearing vocals ("Brother, why are you here?").

There's a short electronic-sounding track, the radio single (a Randy Newman ballad that's pure "pop" done up with a delicious drop of Manfred Mann brand latter-day psychedelia), and then the incontestible finest track of the album, Mann's "Tribute." It's a five-and-a-half minute piece of pure music, not overtly program music but so powerfully evocative that pictures rise unavoidably before the listener: for me, sound images of the sea, cool, a dark yellow-green with white birds, black or yellow-trimmed, skimming across white foam combers; dark granite cliffs beyond a cold beach, spare green vegetation clings to the top of low peaks while damp moss climbs their angles from the salt water; the sound of surf roaring, of breakers, the still lapping of cove water on stone. . . .

And a rousing "Please Mrs. Henry" to open the second side—an energetic, solid interpretation of Dylan; for my money, of all the people who have done Dylan, from the folk interpretations of Joan Baez or Peter, Paul & Mary to the overwhelming white blues of Joe Cocker to the vapid saccharine of Rick Nelson, there must be a special place reserved for Manfred Mann. The whole boisterous rock-and-roll sound is there, with just enough wryness to communicate the feel of Dylan.

There's another fine long Mann track and there are three more songs, but the one that requires most attention is "Part Time Man," with a rendition that sounds incredibly like the Kinks at the top of their form: a long, ballad-like lyric delivered in a gentle, sneaky way sounding like Ray Davies on reds, with the words spinning out a good-natured cynical picture of that poor job-hunter. "All I wanted to be was a part-time man."

The way the band works is a sheer joy to the ear: the rhythm lines established by bassist Colin Pattenden and drummer Chris Slade, with complex lead lines by guitarist Mick Rogers and Mann on organ and synthesizer. Certainly this album will be a landmark in the assimilation of new technology into rock without yielding to any impulse to make it a gimmick; what the simpler, sweeter country rock of the late '60s was to loud rock and roll, this may be to the excessively abstracted psychedelic/hard rock school.

RECENT AND NOTEWORTHY:

FANNY HILL, Fanny [*Reprise*] My first thought was Oh, another all-girl rock and roll band; second was Hey, this is worthwhile; third was Maybe I should ask a woman to review it; fourth was No, never mind that, this is simply a great middle-ground rock album, good material, solid musicianship, fine singing, and the musicians just happen to be all women.

HAPPY JUST TO BE LIKE I AM, Taj Mahal [*Columbia*] Just super goodtime, laid-back funky music with easygoing joyous vocals and a roomful of instruments ranging from a penny whistle to a tuba chorus! Don't miss

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"Oh Susanna" and "Black Spirit Boogie."

PAUL SIMON [*Columbia*] No Garfunkel but a lot of fine studio hands including David Spinoza, Jerry Hahn, Airto Moreira and Fred Lipsius; the album would have benefitted by some more impact, but it makes for pleasant relistening.

HARVEST, Neil Young [*Reprise*] Of course, of course, of course it's very fine; my only serious complaint is the sloppily self-indulgent use of the London Symphony Orchestra, especially in "There's a World"—compare it to the simple effectiveness of "The Needle and the Damage Done!" Overall, a very fine album.

HENDRIX IN THE WEST [*Reprise*] To be followed, in due course, by *Jimi Hendrix Hums in the Bathtub, Jimi Talks to the Long-Distance Operator, Jimi's Greatest Flubs and Other Outtakes,* etc. Whatever's on tape is game.

PLENTY OF BLUES: Recent classic-blues anthologies and one-artist collections from Columbia, Vanguard and Chess, but particular notice is due to the reissues of tiny Testament Records (LA) of scarce or totally unavailable artists, especially 1940s-50s Chicago school.

—DICK LUPOFF

INDOCHINA *(From Page 16)*

have surfaced, we gain some understanding of how American social scientists are hoping to deal with the latest phase in the dilemma of 25 years.

A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT TO THE Asian Development Bank by Columbia economist Emile Benoit takes as its working hypothesis that Saigon will have won a military victory by 1973, with 25,000 U.S. troops remaining after 1975 and the Viet Cong reduced to a low-level insurgency. The report notes that the Vietnamese labor force is more highly skilled than the pre-war agricultural labor force, and can probably be directed to the production of components of assembled goods that will be marketed by multinational corporations. South Vietnam, and Southeast Asia in general, should serve primarily as a source of raw materials, complementing the Japan-based industrial economy of non-Communist East Asia, while producing some finished or semi-finished manufactured goods for domestic use and export. State intervention in the economy should be avoided except for the financing of structural changes that will make private investment profitable. Small-scale private farming should be encouraged but with no limit on the size of holdings because "a farmer is willing to work his own land for a much smaller income than he would expect if he were a laborer on someone else's estate."[11] Wage costs should be kept down and local capitalism encouraged, but on a small scale. Jacques Decornoy notes that the report sees the Southeast Asia of the future "as a kind of paradise for international bankers and investors." It might be added that this approach fits well into the general framework of Nixon Administration policy, which "proposes to make private direct investment by multinational corporations the center of American foreign aid in the 1970s," with the primary U.S. government role being to issue "political risk insurance" for private investment.[12]

Similar themes are taken up by Harvard economist Arthur Smithies in a number of studies. One, entitled "Economic development in Vietnam: the need for external resources," is discussed by Jacques Decornoy in *Le Monde,* September 1, 1971. In addition, there is a series of papers "relating to the transition to economic development in Vietnam," dated August 1971 and stamped IDA, probably a part of a "Columbia University Research Project on the Problems and Possibilities of an International Organizational Role in the Economic Recovery and Development of North and South Vietnam," financed by the State Department. Smithies has been a consultant to the CIA, IDA, RAND, AID and the National Security Council at various times since 1952, and more recently a consultant to ARPA (Advanced Research Project Agency of the Department of Defense) in Saigon. Since the papers are not publicly available, I will give some quotes and paraphrase to indicate the general flavor.

Smithies foresees "military stalemate and withering away of the war, a process that can last for a decade or more." It is, he believes, "feasible" that "military security may be sufficient to permit the economy to operate under market forces and to be oriented toward the world economy with respect both to trade and the use of foreign capital." This possibility "offers far better prospects for development than any alternative."

Smithies' analysis of the prospects consists largely of conventional ideology, based on the general thesis that "It is hard to think of any interference with the market system in Vietnam that cannot be regarded as an impediment to development." As to the effects of the war, "at fantastic cost, it has fulfilled some of the necessary 'preconditions' for development." It would be more accurate to say that the traditional society and culture have been substantially demolished and a mass of rootless individuals created, along with "spectacular harbors," airfields, a communications system, and so on. The million men who have served in the Saigon army and the additional quarter million who have worked for the U.S. as civilians "provide the base for an industrial labor force with modern skills and attitudes." "As a new generation grows up, the horrors of war will fade, as they have in Japan and Korea," while "the profound changes in the economic life of the country, wrought by the war, will remain." With a "substantial infusion of external resources" through aid and foreign investment, and "sound domestic policies," the prospects are promising.

For the next decade, foreign aid of about $.5 billion annually will be needed, but "if development succeeds and national security increases, private capital inflows can be expected to contribute an increased share of the total." The adjustment process might be a matter of one or two decades. "Private direct [foreign] investment has a vital role to play" and "may well have to be the most dynamic factor in Vietnamese development." Since Japan has been "a main beneficiary of the operation" of the U.S. in Vietnam, it "should carry a major share of the aid burden in the future."

"Sound domestic policies" are those

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that integrate South Vietnam into the free world economy, resisting "economic parochialism" and state interference (apart from fiscal policy, urban reconditioning, construction of large infrastructure projects, public health and education, including "conversion of skills acquired in the army to economic purposes"). There is a plentiful labor supply, but it is important to resist the pressure of labor to establish real wages that are too high. Social welfare policies (e.g., minimum wages or encouragement of trade unions) may also raise labor costs, thus losing for the country its cheap labor advantage. "Too much emphasis on equality can reduce savings and incentives to invest" and "the government should recognize that premature establishment of a welfare state can seriously impede development."

Not all Vietnamese, however, need subordinate their aspirations to the requirements of development within the free world economy. It is "of prime importance for Vietnam to acquire entrepreneurs," as in Korea, "who know the ways of the world market" (and who, as in the model societies, live accordingly, one must assume). Anglo-American concepts of business organization should be fostered, displacing Vietnamese, French or Chinese traditions. Private enterprise should be "strongly encouraged" and most controls abolished in agriculture and other sectors. "Foreign trade should be the focus of policy formation." Smithies investigates in detail ways in which the U.S. can influence the GVN "to create a good environment for effective performance of the private sector." The suggested models are Taiwan, Korea, Singapore, Hong Kong and Pakistan (which "has done significantly better than India with an open economy"—and has done particularly well for the famous 22 families who own and control most of the open economy). Cam Ranh Bay might become the center of labor-intensive industry.

In general, "Development can best be achieved in the context of private enterprise market economy" and "there should be a strong preference for private enterprise," which should, furthermore, be "subject to the tests of [international] competition," with the inevitable (though unstated) result that it will be subordinated to foreign capital.

Given its critical role, foreign investment "must be liberated from the uncertainties and obstacles that beset it." Needless to say, this is the only form of liberation that Smithies contemplates.

One might take note of some possible objections to the thesis that full integration into the capitalist world system with a private enterprise market economy is the best imaginable mode of development. In this connection Smithies merely comments that if it is to compete in international markets, Vietnam must imitate its successful Asian neighbors, such as South Korea, "just as Japan imitated the West in the last century." Japan, of course, did not follow Smithies' prescriptions for development. It did not rely primarily on foreign investment or merely integrate itself into the global capitalist market, avoiding central planning or state interference in economic affairs. The Japanese model hardly supports the belief that virtually any interference with the market system (internal or global) will prove an impediment to development. But the counter example is irrelevant: "Lacking the genius of Japan, [South Vietnam] must probably accomplish this [imitating its market-oriented neighbors] by inviting them [foreign investors] to bring their business within its borders." Good, hard, nonideological economic analysis.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF the liberation of foreign investment can easily be foreseen, say, by considering the example of Latin America, where in 1966 more than 40 percent of manufactured exports were from U.S. firms, as compared with less than 12 percent in 1957.[13] Various questions might be raised about the "success stories" of Asia that Smithies cites, and about the alternative model for development offered by China, North Korea, and North Vietnam. One might, say, inquire into the vast contribution of America's Asian wars to Japanese and Korean development,[14] or into the consequences for the Korean people of the heavy dependence on the U.S. and Japan, the widening trade gap, increasing indebtedness, extensive unemployment, sta nation of agricultural production, ar so on.[15] And it might be worthwhile consider the conclusion of a knowledg able observer that "in almost all r spects, surprisingly, the living stan ard of the Taiwanese seems to con off second-best" in a comparison wi Canton.[16] Smithies' ode to the fr market model for development mig also have included a glance at the d tails of the Pakistani open econom that so impresses him—for example, the evidence that more than thre quarters of the population are no be ter off than 20 years ago, and that pe haps 15 or 20 percent may actually b poorer in real terms despite an est mated 25 percent increase of real ou put per capita;[17] or at the fact tha more time, money and effort "hav been expended in providing Karach with popular brands of fizzy drink than in providing it with a hygieni milk supply.[18] His recommendation for Vietnam are, perhaps, not based o quite so unchallengeable a body o fact as he seems to believe.

Smithies points out that, if oil i discovered in Vietnam, the whole sit uation will be transformed. Rumor abound on this matter, ranging fron skepticism to reports that "South Viet nam's potential production is large than that of Indonesia—possibly com parable with leading producing area in the Middle East."[19] It need hardly be stressed that these prospects will reinforce the commitment of the U.S. government to maintain control of the coastal areas of Indochina. T.D. Allman reports that the search for oil in South Vietnam may have been planned for about 10 years, but was delayed until actual strikes had been made in Indonesia, and because of a 10-year-old oil glut, now ending: "Investors apparently now feel that the war in Vietnam, and the American presence in Indochina, will drag on at least long enough for them to get their money back."[20] It should be noted that apart from the importance of maintaining control of Southeast Asian oil, there is here a potentially rich source of capital for reconstructing South Vietnam on the approved free world model, and enhancing the power of the local entrepreneurs who know the

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ways of the free world economy and are committed to integrating South Vietnam within it.

Ideas rather like Benoit's and Smithies' are developed in the public record as well, for example, in several of the papers from a symposium of SEADAG of October 1970 on Vietnam's development in the postwar era, published in *Asian Survey*, April 1971. A firm advocate of "truth-in-packaging" might look askance at the publication in a scholarly journal of a symposium by a group organized and financed by AID to give the government advice "which we are trying to convert into program operation,"[21] but the papers nevertheless (or better, therefore) repay careful reading. The symposiasts are, for the most part, enthusiastic about the prospects of non-Communist Pacific Asia (christened NOCPA), which the Chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations, summarizing, expects to be "the fastest growing and most dynamic economic region in the world in the 1970s." As several participants observe, this region is of particular importance to Japan, and may be its second most important market after the U.S., as well as a major source of raw materials for Japan and the U.S., where the demand for minerals will grow rapidly. By 1980, some predict, NOCPA may account for 40-50 percent of Japanese imports and exports. Japan has a labor shortage and a need to place labor-intensive manufacturing facilities elsewhere, as well as to export pollution, and NOCPA may be just the answer. In fact, it might be recalled that in an earlier period Japan imported a Korean labor force into Japan,[22] but it is preferable to export Japanese-owned productive facilities instead, thus avoiding the social problems and other unpleasant byproducts of industrialization.

More generally, "Producers, and retail merchandising operations in the Western World will increasingly look to this area for their supplies, even of products they once produced themselves," while "this area is becoming an enormous market for the commercial exports of the West." "Today, there is rapidly increasing exploitation of the internationalization of the production base itself," and Eastern Asia "seems especially well-suited to internationalization of production." For example, TV sets can be made in part in Hong Kong, in part of Korea, assembled in Japan, and exported to the United States and Europe. A reasonable share in the profits will return to the U.S., through the dominant U.S. share in ownership of multinational corporations.

South Vietnam has a significant role in this system. The Mekong region might become the major source of food for NOCPA; Vietnam could be the "Imperial Valley of East Asia . . . but on a far larger scale." Furthermore, the "supply of human skills," as well as the infrastructure, has been much improved by the war, and there has been a vast flow of manpower to the urban areas. As a representative of the U.S. Department of Agriculture puts it, "Saigon's population swelled phenomenally in response to efforts to attract manpower away from VC areas." None of the scholars is so indelicate as to prescribe the methods by which manpower was "attracted" to urban areas, though one does note that the GVN has neither sought to improve the quality of urban life nor is likely to do so in the immediate future. In any event, the manpower is now there. Furthermore, Army discipline "should facilitate transition from the ways of a traditional society to the needs of industrial discipline in the postwar period," that is, if it proves possible to resist the pressure for social welfare policies of which Smithies warned. It will also be necessary to overcome the artificial nature of Vietnam's economy, with wealth and employment concentrated in the supply of goods and services to U.S. personnel, and to modify the practices of the absentee landlords, importers, and wealthy business men who squander their incomes on conspicuous consumption and transfer abroad the capital provided by the American taxpayer.

JAPANESE SUPPORT IS necessary if the hopes of the U.S. government to control South Vietnam and integrate it into the free world economy are to be realized. There has been some increase in Japanese aid and investment, though its scale is still small. "The United States Govern-

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ment, in the Sato-Nixon meeting on October 24 [1970], requested that Japan give $150 million in aid to South Vietnam as part of the overall aid program for Indo-China, and Prime Minister Eisaku Sato answered that Japan would duly consider the matter, according to Government spokesmen who were close to the summit meeting." It was also indicated "that Japan will take a forward-looking stand on the request." Yen credits on a smaller scale have since been offered for a thermal powerhouse and other projects.[23] Japanese aid is not, of course, an exercise in altruism and humanitarian concern. Rather, "foreign aid is a most stable and profit-assured business," and "the slogan today is 'no business like the foreign aid business' "[24]—an attitude not unique to Japan, of course. There are now joint Japanese-Vietnamese ventures for production of agricultural machinery and diesel engines, marketed from Osaka, and the major Japanese television and radio manufacturers are reportedly beginning to produce appliances in South Vietnam.[25]

A supplement to the *Mainichi Daily News,* November 1, 1971 supplied to the newspaper by a quasi-governmental news service in Saigon through the Saigon Embassy in Tokyo, announces that "The nightmare of conflict in South Vietnam has yielded unexpected dividends in the development of human and material resources that will be of vital importance to future economic growth" and that "the postwar industrial potential of South Vietnam offers a fertile new field for investment." It refers hopefully to the new industrial complex near Bien Hoa, the home of "the first Japanese companies with a real stake in South Vietnam's economic future" (namely, the Japanese-backed agricultural machinery factory established in March 1971). "The people of Vietnam view the post-war era of this country as an exciting time of rising expectations," the reports continue. It is hoped that the free trade center being planned at Cam Ranh Bay will attract considerable foreign investment. A fairly detailed Japanese study of "post-war economic development in Viet Nam" concludes that Cam Ranh is without doubt "the best site for a free port in Southeast Asia." "From the viewpoint of labor quality, the South Vietnamese people are deemed superior to the inhabitants of adjacent nations," and there is a great mass of potential workers, including those who "have been compelled to evacuate to urban areas as their homes have been burned down and their land laid waste by military operations." Thus the prospects for investors at Cam Ranh and elsewhere are quite favorable.[26]

U.S. investment is also proceeding, in a rather gingerly fashion. Ford Motor Company submitted a proposal for an assembly plant, and American Motors followed shortly after.[27] The difficulty is, of course, that foreign investment is not yet "liberated from the uncertainties and obstacles that beset it," in particular, the uncertainty as to whether the U.S. can maintain military control. The U.S. government needs the investment to enable it to reconstitute an obedient society, but the investors would prefer that the obedience come first. In their own way, they are trying to help with this aspect of the problem as well. The Philco subdivision of Ford is a major supplier for the electronic battlefield in Vietnam, and is involved in the development of military communications systems elsewhere in Southeast Asia. A recent review summarizes the Ford contribution aptly:

> "The 'Better Idea People' at Ford are engaged in a worldwide auto strategy. As a multinational corporation, the company has the resources to act as a stabilizing economic force in the third world, and should that prove insufficient, the international firm can supply the Pentagon with the means of stabilizing the third world's markets by force."[28]

It should be noted that hesitations with regard to investment are limited to Vietnam. Elsewhere in NOCPA, as one observer puts it, "U.S. business and financial giants seem to be making plans for transforming the 'Pacific Basin' countries including Oceania into a Japanese-American Co-prosperity Sphere that will outshine the original version." [29]

These developments have important implications for the U.S. and for the countries of the Pacific Basin. U.S. direct overseas investment has risen rapidly since the Second World War, most dramatically during the 1960s. Overseas operations are now a major source of profit for many multinational corporations.[30] Some economists believe that the U.S. is becoming a "mature creditor country," producing services more than goods, exporting its productive capacity and using the profits from its foreign investments to purchase manufactured imports,[31] produced by cheap and disciplined labor abroad. However one interprets current trends, there is no doubt that the production of American companies abroad is enormous—according to some estimates, it is about equivalent to the gross national product of Japan. This fact alone gives the U.S. an important stake in maintaining "stability" abroad. There is some debate as to whether the export of productive capacity does or does not carry with it ultimately the loss of jobs at home.[32] The unions seem convinced that it does. To cite one of many examples, a United Electrical Workers (UE) pamphlet entitled "How foreign is 'foreign' competition?" cites many examples of investment abroad for sale in the U.S.—for example, a Motorola plant in South Korea with production costs one-tenth those of a similar plant in Arizona, with a labor force that works six days a week, 10 or 11 hours a day, for 11 to 17 cents an hour. The President of Mitsubishi Motor Corporation notes that Japanese wages are one quarter those of the U.S., though skill and technological competence are quite high. "Would it not be more profitable," he asks, "for an American manufacturer to import compacts instead of spending vast sums on developing its own models in this low-price field?" [33]

In the natural course of events, one would expect production for profit to shift to the exploitation of cheaper labor, and the concentration of U.S. productive capacity and technological skill on the production of waste for the Pentagon can only accelerate this tendency, as intellectual resources and capital are diverted from useful production. It is possible that there will be an increasing surplus population at home that has to be "controlled" just as the foreign domains to which American productive capacity shifts will have to be kept "stable." These tendencies, in short, suggest an intensification of both the imperial drive and do-

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mestic controls in a tightly-managed society.

But the implications for NOCPA are clearer still. The SEADAG symposiasts see a bright future for Vietnam as the Imperial Valley of East Asia. The farm workers in Imperial Valley might tell them what that implies for the mass of the population. The analogy, to be sure, is misleading. The farm workers of Imperial Valley, Vietnam, will lack even that degree of political support and economic power available to American farm workers. There will be no grape or lettuce boycott to help them organize, and no votes to be won by supporting their efforts. But for the absentee landlords, importers, entrepreneurs serving foreign investors and the foreign market, and other local associates of the imperial powers and their international financial institutions, the prospects are no doubt more cheerful, at least in material terms.

There are several difficulties in this projection, specifically, those unpredictable factors mentioned at the outset. If imperialism is far from a spent force, the same is true of resistance to imperial aggression and control. While some economists may regard this reaction as irrational, there is no reason to expect that the people of NOCPA will necessarily adopt the value system and ideological standards of American social scientists. As for the American people, with regard to Indochina many are either hawks or doves in the conventional sense of these terms, concerned merely with the costs of forceful intervention and differing only in their estimates of such costs. There are, however, others, committed to self-determination and human rights, willing to act on their principles.

A Pentagon working group in March 1968 argued that further escalation would lead to "growing disaffection accompanied, as it certainly will be, by increased defiance of the draft and growing unrest in the cities," running "risks of provoking a domestic crisis of unprecedented proportions."[34] Many of those whose actions led to the tactical modifications in U.S. policy of spring 1968 have spent years in prison for their decency and courage. The state, naturally, does not look kindly upon efforts to restrain its criminal violence.

Many others seem discouraged at the failure of their efforts to end the war. Perhaps they do not appreciate the immense significance of their achievement in imposing at least some constraints on the violence of the state. We can be quite sure that as the dilemma of the U.S. government assumes new forms in the coming phase of the war, the domestic response will remain a factor of critical importance in determining the fate of the people of Indochina. ■

FOOTNOTES

[1] *The Pentagon Papers*, Gravel Edition, Beacon Press, II, 414.
[2] T. D. Allman, *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Feb. 19, 1972.
[3] See George McT. Kahin, "Nixon's Peace Plan," *New Republic*, Feb. 12, 1972; I. F. Stone, "The Hidden Traps in Nixon's Peace Plan," *New York Review*, March 9, 1972; my "Nixon's Peace Offer," *Ramparts*, April, 1972.
[4] The reader who finds this remark overly cynical is advised to read Roger Hilsman's discussion of the rationale behind the strategic hamlet program, and the reasons for its failure, in his *To Move a Nation* (Doubleday, 1967) or "Two American Counterstrategies to Guerrilla Warfare," in Tang Tsou, ed., *China in Crisis*, vol. 2, Chicago, 1968.
[5] Frances Starner, *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Nov. 6, 1971.
[6] Richard West, *New Statesman*, Feb. 25, 1972.
[7] *Pentagon Papers*, IV, 578.
[8] Tad Szulc, *N.Y. Times*, April 7, 1971.
[9] Gloria Emerson, *N.Y. Times*, Oct. 10, 1971.
[10] *Pentagon Papers*, IV, 518.
[11] Jacques Decornoy, *Le Monde* (English) *Weekly*, Feb. 24, 1971; *Le Monde*, Feb. 9.
[12] Bruce Nussbaum, *Far Eastern Economic Review*, July 3, 1971.
[13] Figures cited in NACLA newsletter, October 1971, vol. V, no. 6, from Herbert K. May, *The Effects of United States and other Foreign Investment in Latin America*, Council of the Americas, 1971.
[14] On this and related matters discussed here, see Jon Halliday and Gavan McCormack, *Japanese Imperialism Today*, Penguin, 1972.
[15] See, e.g., Jean Egan, "South Korea: Time To Face Facts," *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Jan. 15, 1972.
[16] Jon Unger, "Life in Canton," Dispatch News Service International, Jan. 10, 1972.
[17] Timothy and Leslie Nulty, "Pakistan: the Busy Bee Route to Development," *Transaction*, vol. 8, no. 4, February 1971.
[18] Herbert Feldman, "Aid as Imperialism?", *International Affairs*, vol. 43, no. 2, April 1967.
[19] An American oil geologist, cited by Ralph Lombardi, *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Feb. 5, 1972. He states that surveys offshore began in 1966. See Malcolm Caldwell's important study, "Oil and Imperialism in East Asia," *Journal of Contemporary Asia*, vol. 1, no. 2, 1970.
[20] *Far Eastern Economic Review*, July 24, 1971.
[21] Rutherford Poats, Assistant Administrator for the Far East, AID, Hearings before the Committee on Foreign Affairs on H.R. 12169, 1966, cited by Ronald A. Witton, "Ideology and Utopia in Development," *Journal of Contemporary Asia*, vol. 1, no. 2, 1970.
[22] For some data, see AMPO, nos. 9–10 (AMPO Collective, Tokyo).
[23] Yasushi Hara, "Nixon Asks Sato to Give Aid to Saigon," *Asahi Evening News*, Oct. 26, 1970; "S. Vietnam to Receive Yen Credit," *Japan*

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[26] Several sections of this report are reprinted in *Looking Back*, July 1971. The material from the *supplement* to the *Mainichi Daily News* is reprinted in *Looking Back*, Nov. 1971.
[27] *Christian Science Monitor*, Nov. 18, 1971; Craig Whitney, *N.Y. Times*, Jan. 24, 1972.
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[32] See Raymond Vernon, *Sovereignty at Bay*, Basic Books, 1971, p. 189f., for a skeptical view.
[33] Takashi Oka, "American Made—in Japan," *N.Y. Times*, Business and Finance section, June 13, 1971.
[34] *Pentagon Papers*, IV, 564.

Letters

[SCIENCE FICTION]

EDITORS:

Richard Lupoff is a fine and perceptive gentleman, but his piece on science fiction [RAMPARTS, February 1972] shows some signs of jamming the facts into a preconceived theory.

His attempt to sort science fiction writers into Hawks and Doves overlooks the fact that most of these men and women are—and have been—fast friends. Science fiction is a literature of ideas, written by people who love to discuss and argue. Although opinions about Vietnam raised passions (as they should), they haven't engendered enmity, as Lupoff implies—perhaps inadvertently.

His classification of Jules Verne as a Hawk is almost laughable, as anyone who's read the anti-bourgeois, anti-war, anti-colonialist fulminations of Captain Nemo *et al* will surely recognize....

One final, rather minor, point of fact: *Analog's* circulation is well *over* 100,000 copies per month.

—Ben Bova
Editor, *Analog*

EDITORS:

Dick Lupoff's article probably confused people who think they know what science fiction is (*i.e.*, Kurt Vonnegut, Gore Vidal, and William Burroughs, with liner notes by Susan Sontag), but by virtue of its inaccuracies, it only annoyed me.

First, Lupoff gives the impression that Campbell's "mood pieces" (the stories he wrote as "Don A. Stuart," as All Us Insiders know) were written before the "super-science" novels; he knows perfectly well it was the other way around. He also flatly denounced Campbell's editorials (which were mostly semantic gymnastics) in absolutist terms which even Harlan Ellison would hesitate to use. RAMPARTS readers are misled; after consulting the editorials, these readers may *still* consider Campbell the ultimate fascist, but they would also have read his denunciation of the internal combustion engine, the confusion over phosphates and nitrates in detergents, and the new pollutants in low-lead gasoline. They may even see that Campbell conducted a constant war against Truth by Consensus—wherein a theory that agrees with your own personal beliefs is automatically true.

The rest of the piece was a pretty good cram course in present-day SF for the uninitiated, understandably overlooking the "New Wave's" many false starts and dead ends, the mistakes a fledgling movement learns from. Even couched in the (to me) irrelevant polemic terms necessary to get the attention of a RAMPARTS audience, this article is another step toward "Mainstream Acceptance" of Science Fiction. Nobody really knows what "Mainstream Acceptance" is, but it has to do with five-figure book contracts, National Book Award consideration, and the persistent wish that everyone in the world come to his/her senses about this brilliant stuff we're writing. Or something.

—E. Michael Blake
Chicago, Ill.

[WOMEN ATHLETES]

EDITORS:

I'm amazed that Jack Scott [RAMPARTS, February 1972] could write with such perception. His article on women in sports helped me bring into focus some of my major frustrations in the pursuit of athletic perfection.

I am an athlete, a judo player. I hold the title of AAU heavyweight champion of New Jersey. (Be honest now what picture does that conjure up?) I work and train at my sport with a loneliness and dedication that is a mystery even to myself. I sweat, dream, talk and eat athletics. My mind is uneasy unless my body is in motion.

Sounds like you're reading about a one-sided, fat, socially unacceptable freak, doesn't it?

As a matter of fact, I look and act like an average, Jewish mother. I'm a 31-year-old suburbanite mother of four and quite attractive at six feet tall and 130 pounds (some heavyweight).

The dilemma comes in fitting the two together. American society places such little value on women in athletics. I, too, have trouble sometimes. I feel the conflict of training time *vs.* family time. Shall I spend an evening working out at my club or at home with husband *et al.* Will I go to the gym or to the market? When I'm tired at the end of a day filled with too many kids and frantic activity, I long for a hot tub and bed; but I know road work is necessary to stay on top. How many times do I question my motivation as I run down my suburban street at 11 PM.

My friends have heard my cries when my hair has been cut. I keep it short for easy care, but too short and I worry about looking "masculine." Rather than having pride in my muscular appearance, I apologize for it.

Even so, something keeps me moving to train and learn. But a hounding thought creeps in when at competition, "girls" and men are asked on the mat for instructions and event rulings.

Events for "girls" are always sandwiched in, never properly scheduled. We always get the message that the AAU would be a lot happier without women competitors.

This was proven recently when the schedule for the national Olympic eliminations was posted at our club. Every weight class and competition will be represented for men; women, however, will *not* be permitted in weight class competition.

So it seems I cannot aspire to the arena a whole world of athletes consider their biggest proof: the Olympics.

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When women can compete with dignity and pride, I cannot answer. I can only hope your article will cause many more of us to examine ourselves and work for solutions.

—Susan Feingold
Fanwood, N.J.

[OUR JEWISH PROBLEM]

EDITORS:

Question: How come, with an editorial board full of talmudic Marxists and literary pundits, there could appear in your pages (taking up more than a column, no less) a piece of rank anti-semitism. I refer to the letter in the February issue from the L.A. "Gay Community Alliance." Well, we Jews have killed Christ, are responsible for oppression of blacks, and now to top it all off we are "the real origin of gay oppression." What's next—excerpts from the *Protocols of Zion?*

Are you guys crazy or something? I know it's only a letter from a reader, but the point of a letters section is to show how bright and interesting our readers are. Now along with the general impression created by that section that RAMPARTS readers are illiterates and halfwits there will be the not unjustified suspicion that some of them may be anti-semites as well. And the editors are too insensitive, or don't care enough to know the difference.

—Sol Stern
Contributing Editor

(Our bad judgment—we thought the blatant anti-semitism of this letter was self-discrediting.—The Editors)

[SEATTLE DEFENSE]

EDITORS:

If anyone believes that the Nixon administration has suffered setbacks from its policy of repression of political dissent and now wants to soft-pedal to win votes, recent developments in Seattle should dispel the illusion. The Nixon Administration has just moved to revive the proceedings against the "Seattle 8 Conspiracy" that were suspended in December of 1970.

The Seattle Conspiracy charges were brought against eight local anti-war organizers a few months after a militant demonstration in Seattle had erupted into violence. The demonstration, protesting the war in Vietnam and the Chicago conspiracy trial (which ended the day before the Seattle demonstration), was aimed at challenging the use of the federal courts as an instrument of political repression against the anti-war movement. It was broken up by the most violent police riot that Seattle had seen since the General Strike of 1919. Over 80 people were arrested, and some charged for doing various degrees of damage to the Federal Courthouse (including breaking some windows and throwing paint). None of the Seattle Conspiracy defendants were arrested at that demonstration and no one has ever suggested that they participated in any violent act. But two months later they were indicted for conspiracy to break windows and (as an ironic twist in light of the original protest against these kind of charges in the Chicago case) with using the facilities of interstate commerce with the intent of inciting to riot—the infamous Rap Brown anti-riot Act. They faced ten years in jail.

The government's case was weak from the start. But it became ludicrous when their chief witness, an FBI informer, started to boast about his activities in "infiltrating" the Left. He told how the FBI supplied the paint to be thrown at the Federal Courthouse and how he continually encouraged techniques of violence. Under cross-examination by Chip Marshall, one of the defendants who was representing himself, the informant admitted that he hated the defendants and what they stood for so much that he would do anything to get them into jail, including a willingness to lie. When he was asked point blank "You would lie?" and answered "yes" a gasp was heard from the jury-box: the government's case looked pretty hard to believe at this point.

Enter judicial *ex machina*. With the government's case in tatters, the judge stepped in to save it. On the pretext of the defendants not coming into court immediately upon being summoned the next morning, Boldt declared a mistrial (claiming that the defendants had prejudiced the jury against themselves) and sent the defendants to jail for contempt of court (6 months for this appearing 15 minutes late). The jury, now dismissed, were free to talk, and many explained to inquiring reporters that far

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from being prejudiced against the defendants, many of them had become convinced by the FBI agent that the whole "conspiracy" was a government set-up.

Boldt gained national prominence with his dramatic explanation of why he was doing what he was doing. He cited divine providence, which he said was guiding him, and argued that it would be far better for the courts if these kind of defendants would serve a lot of time in jail first before their trial, and the contempt sentences were a way of getting the defendants into line. To dramatize his action, he refused appeal bond and had the defendants carted away to federal prisons all over the West Coast. Five weeks later, the 9th Circuit granted bail, noting that this misdemeanor was certainly a bailable offense since the courts did not have the right to refuse bail even on felony charges less than capital offenses. But Boldt had shown that he was no stickler for legal precedent or common sense. Attorney-General Mitchell and President Nixon were very appreciative of his tough sentences, and he was rewarded several months later by being named as Chairman of Nixon's national Pay Board where it was hoped that he would be equally tough and outrageous.

In November 1971 the 9th Circuit overturned the contempt conviction itself and remanded it back to the local district to proceed at its discretion. The government has now set the whole thing in motion again, insisting that it will not drop the conspiracy charges, but first attempt to send the defendants back to prison for contempt. The defendants have no money for lawyers, transcripts, witness fees (to bring George Boldt back and put him on the stand, for instance), or other legal expenses. They desperately need financial and political support. Send contributions to:

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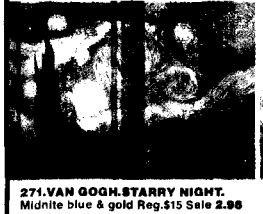
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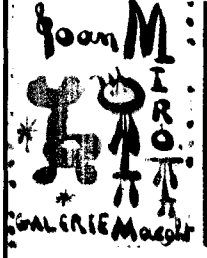
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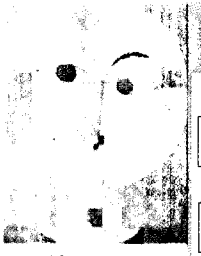
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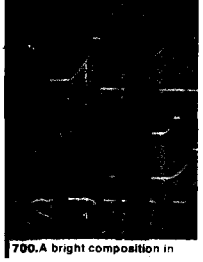
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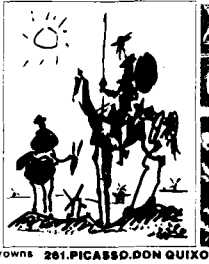
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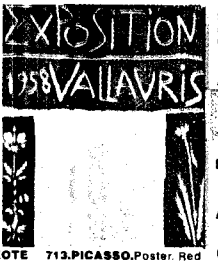

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